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EDUCATION FOR DEATH

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THE MAKING OF THE NAZI

GREGOR ZIEMER

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TO:

Edna and Patricia, who came away with me from a land
where these things are, to our own land where these things
must never be.

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PROLOGUE

IT WAS a murky winter day in Berlin. The temperature was hovering near the freezing point, the humidity was high, low clouds were scraping dank feet on the earth.

The American School dismissed at one o'clock. A happy group of children, boys and girls between the ages of six and eighteen, came streaming out of the schoolhouse, Platanen Allee 18, in the western part of the German capital.

Across the street a German *Volksschule* devoted to the education of Nazi boys below the age of ten was also dismissing its students.

I was at our front gate talking to a mother about plans for the Thanksgiving celebration when I heard the scream.

Six-year-old Peter M., who had been on his way home, came dashing back across the broad avenue under the gaunt sycamores and ran to the school gate. There a group of high school students stopped him.

A stone whistled through the air; somebody let out a sharp exclamation of pain for the bit of granite was jagged and it hurt.

'Juden—Amerikanische Juden—Laestige Auslaender!' (Jews, Jews, meddlesome foreigners!) came shrill voices. Across the street a squad of Nazi youngsters in their finest Party toggery of black shoes, heavy black stockings, short black pants, and brown shirts decorated with swastikas stood as if arrayed in battle.

'Down with the nasty foreigners—*laestige Auslaender nieder!*' came the cry again, this time in chorus.

The American Colony School, of which I was the president, was under the patronage of the American Ambassador and the American Consul General; the few Jewish students we had were children who were anticipating a transfer to the United States and temporarily availing themselves of our educational facilities. -But obviously to the young Nazis all foreigners were enemies.

Another stone came scuttling over our heads. Our students stood irresolute for a moment. The Jewish members were pale, pressed back into the gate.

'Let's go beat up those Nazi hoodlums!' hot-headed Billy B. from California suggested.

'Let's!' other American students agreed.

I had to interfere. I warned my students by reminding them that the Nazi boys were in full uniform. The least move on our part would bring the Gestapo about our ears and our school would be in jeopardy.

'Take it easy, boys,' I said. 'Let me see if I can't handle this.'

With the dignity becoming a headmaster, I stamped across the street. The boys yelled a defiant 'Heil Hitler,' and scattered down the street toward Adolf Hitler Platz.

Our students waited a few minutes before dispersing, the Americans silent and furious, but helpless; the Jews pale and trembling.

I hurried back into my office and called the Rector of the *Volksschule*, whom I had met. The conversation began with the proverbial formalities.

'But, Herr Rector,' I continued, 'these boys were throwing stones at our students. Do you sanction that?'

I had a pad beside the telephone and jotted down what he said. In fact, it was one of my rules in Germany to make notes whenever I talked to officials or people of interest. If I could not write in their presence, I concentrated on their words and got them on paper at the earliest possible moment. My training as reporter helped me in this. Thus reams of transcribed notes make it possible now to reconstruct without too much difficulty, and with a safe degree of accuracy, many interviews I had.

According to my notes the Rector was not in favor of any stone-throwing. 'But,' he said, 'you must know how impossible it is for me to control the boys once they leave the school. Anyway, you would not expect me to stop a spontaneous popular demonstration, would you? Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be allowed to do it.'

I reminded him that we were an American institution and had always conducted ourselves as becomes guests in a foreign country. We had, I told him, great respect for the old German culture.

'Yes, but you have Jewish students,' he interrupted me. 'We teach our students that the Jews are our greatest enemies. Why do you not dismiss them?'

I did not wish to explain that. I remarked that it seemed as if his students had an antipathy toward *all* foreigners. He admitted that; admitted, also, that his boys knew the whole world was against them and their Fuehrer. They had been told by their teachers that they had to be hard, ready to fight and die for Hitler at any time. He 'presumed' the boys were just practicing a little.

That stone-throwing episode induced me to make a long-delayed decision. Ever since 1933 I had been wondering what was going on in Nazi schools and educational centers. That they were the real cradles and incubators of Nazi ideology I knew. But I had been wondering what they actually taught in those schools—whether the old German training with its thoroughness, discipline, and emphasis on law and order had not been replaced by a fanatic new type of pedagogy. I was curious to ascertain what methods were being used and what spirit prevailed.

That afternoon I discussed the matter with an old friend, Doktor Schroeder, in the privacy of my car. He was not in sympathy with Nazi ideology, but kept his lips sealed for the sake of his patients. His answer was direct. He advised me to get permission to visit

not only the schools and universities, but the pre-school institutions, the homes for pregnant women, the day nurseries.

I knew he was right. I could not understand the Nazi power over the child by reading about their theories in manuals and pamphlets. These were only tools. I had to see the tools applied to the living matter of young minds.

But it was not easy to trespass into the holy precincts of Nazi educational halls. I was a foreigner, the founder and director of a foreign institution. We had the American Ambassador as patron, but he, too, was under suspicion. America was a democracy, and democracies were sworn enemies.

The Nazi school, I discovered, was an auxiliary of the army, and its methods were guarded as if they were military secrets. Strict rules and regulations governed the actions of supervisors, superintendents, teachers, and assistants.

I employed the only system I knew would produce the desired results. I bribed.

My school was visited regularly by the Nazi district superintendent who came to check on our teachers and our methods, as well as on the race, creed, and political backgrounds of our students. He was not very chummy, but I had hopes of making him more amenable—with a pound of coffee.

He got the coffee. It was slipped into his overcoat pocket out in the hall while he was visiting one of our classes. He could not understand one word of English, but occasionally demanded translations. He

was tall, lean; his face with a huge Prussian nose was hawk-like; his mouth was thin. He wore a magnificent swastika button in his coat lapel.

The coffee produced unexpected results. Instead of waiting a month for the next inspection, he returned in two weeks.

Again a pound of coffee was slipped into the overcoat. The third visit came in three weeks. Between classes on that visit, I had my first indication that the offering was graciously accepted. The superintendent became almost friendly. He invited me to call on him at his office—not for business, but for pleasure.

I knew that office, a bleak, cold place not far from the Olivaer Platz. I had spent hours there, thrashing out details about the administration of our school, solving problems of policy, getting permission to hire American teachers, and settling tax problems.

I called on *Schulrat* Pieper early the next Saturday. That is not his name, but the name of one of his numerous secretaries. If the Gestapo will go through the complete Civil Service list of Berlin they will, no doubt, find the man who accepted bribes from a foreigner.

Schulrat Pieper was friendly in his abrupt Prussian way. He made several sly allusions to the coffee and how good it had tasted. His wife, who was suffering from a nervous disorder, had discovered it to be better medicine than pills. Discreetly I promised more 'nerve tonic.' He grinned with anticipation.

I left the conversational pace to him. Outside, a few sparrows were disconsolately looking for shelter.

The Nazi flag flapping on the pole reminded me where I was—a superfluous reminder.

The *Schulrat*, I knew, represented the half-way mark in the field of German school officials. There were cogs in the machine smaller than he—the teachers, whom I hoped to contact later. There were cogs larger than he—the members of the Ministry of Culture; especially the Herr Minister himself, whom I hoped to circumvent. But in the course of the talk it soon became evident that I would have to go over Pieper's head to get what I wanted.

Schulrat Pieper had a remarkable philosophy which governed his conversational procedure. Its pattern was this: The Fuehrer has decreed that the schools are to be the nucleus of the Party. The Fuehrer has decreed that the children must belong to him. The Fuehrer has decreed that boys and girls must not be educated in the same schools, since boys will become soldiers and girls will be mothers of soldiers. The Fuehrer has decreed that boys must be trained to go out and conquer. The Fuehrer has decreed that the most important subject in the curriculum is physical education. The Fuehrer has decreed that the schools must not use textbooks. The Fuehrer has decreed—the Fuehrer . . .

I was getting nowhere, that was clear. I tried another method. I asked him point-blank if he would give me permission to visit Nazi schools and attend Nazi classes.

He stared at me, horrified at my audacity, and then asked: 'You mean you actually want to *visit* German classes, go right into the school rooms?'

I told him that was what I wanted. He was silent; then he found a way out. It would not be necessary for me to visit Nazi schools. He himself would provide me with all the pamphlets and discussions about German schools I needed.

I expressed my appreciation, but repeated that I wanted to see Nazi education in action. I reminded him that he was visiting my school and inspecting other schools simply to see for himself.

'You are right,' he snapped. 'I shall endorse your request.'

I feared the worst. I knew what he meant. He could not give me the permission.

He did not keep me waiting long, but explained that permission to visit Nazi schools had to come from the Ministry of Education. I would have to apply there. 'They' would advise him to investigate me to discover if I was the kind of man who could see the German schools. He would make a favorable report about me. He leaned back as if he had just presented me with the moon.

I bowed my thanks and asked how long the process might take.

He did not think it would take long—a few months perhaps. I was to write a letter to His Excellency, *Herr Minister Fuer Erziehung und Volksbildung*, Dr. Bernhard Rust. If he thought kindly of my request, one of his commissioners would write Pieper to do the preliminary investigating. He would endorse the request to prove that he had found nothing objectionable in me. Then Rust or his officials would pon-

der the matter again, and finally make their decision. It was all very simple and direct, he thought.

I left—with another allusion to coffee.

I knew enough about Nazi red tape to realize that if I wrote a letter it would get buried under the huge piles of decrees and counter-decrees which Herr Rust was always pouring into Germany. I would never see the inside of a German school. But I prepared my request, stating that I was an American in charge of the American School, grateful for German hospitality; that I was eager to understand the new Nazi methods and the efficient administration in his department; that I would soon return to America, would be asked about Nazi pedagogy, and would be able to talk with much more authority if I had actually visited some of the Nazi schools that were producing such unprecedented results.

I did not mail the letter. I carried it personally to the Foreign Office, where I explained my problem to a secretary I knew. I pleaded with him to make an appointment for me with Herr Minister Rust in his palatial Ministry, corner of Unter den Linden and Wilhelmstrasse.

After three weeks I was informed that the appointment was granted.

The interview was one I shall not forget. Nor have I forgotten much of the exact phraseology used by Herr Rust. My notes were written out very completely in the lobby of the Adlon Hotel, two minutes' from the Ministry.

Rust was a huge man, overflowing his mahog-

any chair and lolling over his polished desk. He was pasty-faced, his eyes shifted from object to object, his mustache twitched. He seemed indescribably sad and appeared to find concentration difficult.

'Heil Hitler!' he greeted me without rising. He glanced at my letter lying on the desk. 'You are an Amerikaner?'

'Yes, Herr Minister.'

'What do you Americans teach about us Nazis in your schools in America?'

I regretted exceedingly that I could not tell him. I had not been back in America for some time, I said.

'But here in your American School in Berlin—you have an American school, *nicht?*—What do you teach about us?'

I regretted again. Our school had only one purpose, I declared: to keep American children in touch with American education. We avoided all politics. We taught only arithmetic, geography, writing, French, science. Of course, we availed ourselves humbly of the cultural opportunities Germany offered; we visited German museums, attended operas, and studied historic spots . . .

'And you have Jews in your school,' he thundered, interrupting me.

I was on thin ice. He knew that I realized it.

'Herr Minister,' I said, 'those Jewish students are boys and girls who are going to America shortly. And you don't want them in your schools, do you?'

I can still hear his answer. His half-shut eyes suddenly blazed hatred. 'America,' he said, 'America is

foolish, *furchtbar* foolish, to absorb so many Jews. But then, America always has been foolish. Americans always knew everything better. You will see. I believe some day Germany will have to teach America a good lesson. And now—what do you want of me?’

I repeated in substance what I had already written.

He leaned back again, seemed to consider, toyed with the Iron Cross on the left pocket of his brown Hitler shirt.

‘You want to inspect our institutions. Why?’

I told him his system had been remarkably successful for its purpose. I wanted to confirm that personally.

He peered at me as if trying to discover any lurking thoughts I might have. Impatiently he punched a button.

‘Bring me the official teachers’ manual,’ he ordered.

A paper-covered book, as thick as a high school algebra text, was reverently laid on his desk.

Rust became very official. In the book, he said, I would find the complete outline of all work done in Nazi schools. In the introduction, he added with self-satisfaction, I would discover what the Minister for Culture and Education had personally decreed. In those pages he had made his own views perfectly clear. I was advised to study the manual and tell American teachers about it. It would reveal that Young Germany was in deadly earnest.

I have another direct quotation in my notes: ‘Germany always has been and by rights ought to be

the focal point of culture in the world,' Rust informed me, pounding the table. 'Your democracies have temporarily degraded us with the cursed Treaty of Versailles. Those days are gone, never to return. German Nordic Culture will cover the world, will sweep all before it—*wird alles vor sich her fegen*. We will give your request due consideration. Meanwhile, you have the manual, the official basis for our education. Study it. *Heil Hitler, Sieg Heil!*'

I had ample time to examine the precious teachers' manual, for I heard nothing more from the Ministry for weeks.

That manual had the ponderous title: *Erziehung und Unterricht—Amtliche Ausgabe des Reichs und Preussischen Ministeriums fuer Wissenschaft, Erziehung, und Volksbildung*. It was printed for the government by the Weidmannsche Verlagsbuchhandlung. The issue Rust gave me was dated 1938. There have been no new editions, according to the latest reports that I have been able to get from Berlin.

As nearly as one can translate words, the connotations of which are more important than the denotations, the title of the manual means: *Education and Instruction, Official Publication of the Reich and Prussian Ministry of Knowledge, Education, and National Culture*. It offered a fruitful field for investigation.

After reading it I talked with scores of Nazi teachers about it. To them it seemed perfectly normal, a straightforward exposition of Nazi educational ideals. Some considered it almost too conservative. And Rust, I was informed, was never regarded as un-

duly radical—was, on the contrary, decidedly quiet and considerate in what he said, wrote, and did.

I first inspected the introduction to which Rust had made personal reference, and of which he was obviously very proud. Compared with the educational methods in any country in Europe, Asia, or South America, the theories promulgated in the first twenty-two pages of this book are unique in spirit, content, and presentation.

The orders Rust gives his teachers are couched in brutal, dogmatic words, saturated with the Nazi ideal that Nordic Nazi Might makes Universal Right.

The manual has its own Nazi terminology. A teacher is not spoken of as a teacher (*Lehrer*) but an *Erzieher*. The word suggests an iron disciplinarian who does not instruct but commands, and whose orders are backed up with force if necessary.

Matters of the spirit are frankly and energetically belittled. Physical education, education for action, is alone worthy of the Nazi teacher's attention. All else can be dismissed as non-essential.

Nazi education transcends old-fashioned pedagogy. Education in Hitler schools is not the result of a gradual evolution, but of revolution. It stems from political conflict and political victory.

The Nazi schools are no place for weaklings. All children must, of course, finish the primary school before they are ten; but after that schools are proving-grounds for the Party. Those who betray any weakness of body or have not the capacities for absolute obedience and submission must be expelled.

'Students who are unable to produce required

results [who are *Leistungsunfaehig*] or who betray any weakness, are to be kept out of the secondary schools,' states the iron Minister to his iron-minded teachers on page one of his iron-clad manual.

The regime draws a sharp distinction between girls, inherently weak, and boys, natural exponents of Strength. Boys and girls have nothing in common. Their aims, their purposes in life, are fundamentally different. Boys will become soldiers; girls will become breeders. Co-educational schools are manifestations of decadent democracies and hence are taboo.

Rust decrees that in Nazi schools the norm is physical education. After that, German, biology, science, mathematics, and history for the boys; eugenics and home economics for the girls. Other subjects are permissible if they are taught to promote Nazi ideals. Spiritual education is definitely unimportant.

Herr Rust is, of course, merely echoing the dictates of his Fuehrer, who has made it clear in speeches, letters, and in *Mein Kampf* that the education of the body must be paramount.

Rust has instituted a new type of class, which he explains on page three. It is the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft*, a form of army-community group in the school, which discards marks, credits, and formal instruction. It is a clannish gathering of those students who show the greatest aptitude for Party duties. These *Arbeitsgemeinschaften* form the political units in the schools; members exert salutary influence on other students less alert to the privileges of National Socialism. Anyone who belongs to this unit is so thoroughly steeped in

Nazi ideology that he can go out and enlighten those who are not aware of their duties as Nazis.

All classes must be flexible in their schedules. Should military parades or Party duties take students out of class, they are not to be molested with any form of review or make-up work later; teachers are not to stress class attendance.

Nor is there to exist a rigid system of lesson plans. A history class, for instance, should be so organized that it can deviate at any moment from routine and avail itself of new material provided by Nazi activity. A biology class must be integrated only to the point where the instructor can make use of new racial angles as the Party wishes them stressed. For a while Russians were enemies of the State, then became allies, then enemies again. The schools reflected this change carefully and in detail. The schedule in a geography class must be so adjusted that new parts of the globe can be discussed as they become objects of interest subsequent to new conquests.

'The German school in the Third Reich is an integral part of the National Socialistic order of living. It has the mission, in collaboration with other phases of the Party, to fashion and mold the National Socialistic Being according to Party orders,' Rust states on page nine of his manual.

On the same page he clarifies another point. Educational methods of the democracies are utterly out of harmony with Nazi ideals. Rust openly ridicules the school systems of these second-class countries which 'attempt to find a basis for education in the past in-

stead of the future. A new spirit can arise only,' he believes, 'from the glory shed on a nation by world-shaping events and experiences. Action and action only, not indolent pondering of the past, is the soul of education.'

He continues: 'Democracies base their education on the doctrine that man is a being who has reached perfection through culture. This grievous mistake, monstrous as it is, is superseded by another—the illusion that spiritual culture can provide a nation with the stability which in reality can be obtained only through the political deeds of a great personality.' These deeds, of course, are conquests, the great personality is Hitler.

The keynote of the whole doctrine as expounded by Rust can be found on page ten. It is bitterly simple. The aim of education is not culture; it is not spiritual freedom; it is not emancipation of the mind. Education is training for a life of Might. And this Might can be snatched from the hands of Fate only through the political conquests of a Fuehrer.

'All true culture, as we understand it,' Rust says, laying claim to Life for Germany alone, 'stems from an active life. Life can be inspired only by life. It is only in the New Germany that this conception has taken root.'

What tremendous importance Rust places on this education for Power becomes more clear on the next page: 'Before we can have a new education of Might, before we can rightfully discuss a new system of culture, there must be a new order, a new regime inspired by the Will for Power and Might . . . The

new socialistic union of our nation, which is the fulfillment of our Fuehrer's vision, was created through a hard bitter conflict, carried on by the fighting units of our Party.'

What are these fighting units of Culture? We shall let Rust tell us. He does, on the same page.

These fighting units are the S.A. (*Sturmabteilung*, Storm Troopers) and the S.S. (*Schutz Staffel*, Elite Guard), the true carriers of educational culture. Through their brave efforts, instruction (*Erziehung*) has achieved a new meaning, has developed a new virtue of strength. Every phase of culture aside from political culture remains a mere abstraction and a chimera, because it makes it appeal only to the intellect.

Rust has a new interpretation of the relation between school and life. He points out: 'The school should always follow life, never try to set the pace for life. Life precedes the school. If schools follow the dictates of the Party, they will find their proper places.'

Hitler's Minister of Culture has more to say about culture. 'For the first time in history a political system, the National Socialist System, has put the culture of a whole nation on an equal footing. This new culture is uniform, unified, and welded into a coherent whole, not by false interpretations of civilization, which classify human beings as "accomplished" and "not accomplished," but by a single faith: the faith of a nation in its own might, and in its Fuehrer!'

To those who remember the emphasis German schools always placed on training the intellect, the following advice may come as a shock. Rust warns schools

not to produce a crop of intellectuals. No individual is to think of himself as having a more brilliant mind than his neighbor. Each mind is to be of equal importance; each mind is to be blended into the great State Conscience.

And what of the principle of self-sacrifice? Rust is explicit in his directions, emphasizing this fundamental tenet of Nazi doctrine wherever he can: 'Germany lacks space, Germany lacks natural resources. But its true wealth consists of its own might, its faith, and the ability of German men and women, boys and girls. The chief purpose of the school is to train human beings to realize that the State is more important than the individual, that individuals must be willing and ready to sacrifice themselves for Nation and Fuehrer.'

On page fifteen Rust expands another theme. Education in Germany, he states, was always miserably hampered by narrow, unfairly restrictive walls, political and geographic. Education can be rejuvenated only by the creation of a new ideology which will induce the new generation to project their thoughts and desires beyond the natural boundaries of Germany. 'Nobody can solve the problems of his own nation if he cannot look beyond its boundaries,' he says, paving the way for a conquest psychology in Hitler's schools.

It matters little if boys and girls carry away only scraps of formal concrete knowledge from school, he declares on the same page. 'The fundamental principle to keep in mind is that we are not striving to inculcate as much knowledge as possible into the minds of our students.' If students have learned to sub-

mit to authority, if they have developed a willingness to fit into that particular niche chosen for them by the Party, then their education has been successful.

Rust insists on a Spartan interpretation of life: 'The German character can be formed only if there are many obstacles. Knowledge widens the view only if it promotes the feeling of power, if it promotes obedience and modesty in the individual.'

What place he allocates to a general education becomes apparent from the following: 'A wide cultural knowledge, a broad education in various phases of learning, dulls the senses; a general assortment of information weakens, does not strengthen; too much universal learning tires the mind, paralyzes the will power and the ability to make decisions.'

Discipline is to be rigorous. 'The new school will subject all students to a severe training of spirit,' Rust reminds his instructors. 'It will not hesitate to make them hard in body and mind, through coercion if necessary; it will expect of them mastery of hard facts, rules, numbers.'

Teachers are, of course, to be exponents of Nazi philosophy to the last shreds of their beings. They must be inspired by Nazism. 'National Socialistic ideology is to be a sacred foundation. It is not to be degraded by detailed explanation or discussion. It is a holy unit that must be accepted by the students as a holy unit. It must be taught by teachers who fully comprehend the true meaning of our sacred doctrines.'

Since Party ideology is the foundation of all instruction, the usual academic concern about irksome conflicts in student schedules drops away. Each class is

to be inspired by the same ideology. So it matters little if students find their programs full of conflicts. What if a student cannot attend a class in history because it conflicts with a class in science? All classes have the same ultimate purpose—to create National Socialists. This can be effected in one class as well as another. Students are to be discouraged from departmentalizing knowledge.

It follows from what has been said that the *Fuehrer Prinzip* is to dominate the lives of the students. Boys as well as girls are introduced to this leadership principle in school. The teacher is to be a miniature Hitler and Fuehrer in his own classes. He is to brook no opposition, and must demand blind obedience.

Such a system can have no patience with the usual class discussion as we know it. Rust makes that clear by stating that class discussions too often deteriorate into mere criticizing and fault finding. Class discussions too often raise the egos of some, and make others inarticulate. There is to be equality of mind in the school as there is equality in the army among the rank and file of soldiers. Consequently the lecture system is the only safe method of instruction. Youth too often abuses freedom; hence there should be less freedom.

In view of the traditional thoroughness for which German educators have been noted, it is interesting that Rust warns against too much thoroughness. Too much emphasis on detail, too much delving into particulars, makes minds too critical and analytical. The ideology is the thing. Nazi instructors must be un-

questioning interpreters; Nazi students must be disciplined hearers of the word of Hitler.

It was early spring when I finally received a letter with the official swastika-eagle combination. I paled, for it might contain anything from a summons to appear before a Nazi court to a demand to pay some newly imposed retroactive tax.

There slipped from the envelope a single page. It stated that because I had been a resident in Nazi Germany for years and had shown commendable interest in Nazi education, I was granted extraordinary permission to visit Nazi institutions 'in so far as it did not interfere with work being carried on,' and that I could ask questions if I wished.

Then followed a procession of days during which I visited institutions of every nature: pre-natal Nazi clinics, sterilization hospitals, schools for infants, schools for the feeble-minded, schools and institutions for boys and girls of all ages, colleges, and colonial schools. I talked with parents, teachers, students, and officers. I took reams of notes, which I wrote out in detail at the earliest convenience.

And I drew one conclusion. Hitler's schools do their jobs diabolically well. They are obeying the Fuehrer. They are educating boys and girls for death. They are preparing them as a sacrifice for Hitler, who hath said, 'LET THE CHILDREN COME UNTO ME—FOR THEY ARE MINE UNTO DEATH!'

COMING

'WHEN does the Nazi Party become interested in the German child?' I asked a high official in the imposing office of Baldur von Schirach, Marshal of Militant Young Germany, Kronprinzen Ufer 10, Berlin.

'Before it is conceived,' was the quick answer.

The tall young official glowed with arrogant enthusiasm. He saw my astonishment and explained in detail that there would be little use in driving out the impure Jew if Germany did not make a scientific effort to prevent undesirables from being born. Hitler wanted a super-race; this could result only from mating of healthy individuals.

His desk was littered with pamphlets; the wall was colored with statistical graphs and curves, all indicating the low birthrate during the German Republic, but revealing an astonishing rise since 1933.

He lectured me on the efficiency of the Nazi *Gesundheitsamt* (health office) and the examinations which young mating couples cheerfully undergo be-

fore they obtain the Party sanction to mate. He intimated that soon the Nazi health certificate would replace marriage documents. He explained the *Erbgesundheitsgesetz*, the Nazi law for hereditary good health.

'Is there no slip-up?' I inquired. 'Are there not undesirables who have children anyway, in spite of laws? Can you control the biological urge of a nation?'

'But we do not wish to control or stifle the biological urge,' he exclaimed briskly. 'On the contrary, we are fostering it wherever we can. But soon there will be no puny, feeble-minded, diseased children in Germany!'

I needed more information. He was very patient, but peered at me as if my naïveté was appalling to him.

The undesirables, the feeble-minded, those afflicted with incurable diseases, even the antagonistic in spirit would not have any more children, he explained. That was the wish of the Fuehrer, and Young Germany carried out his decrees.

He thought for a while and then asked if I would not like to see what he meant. Of course, I would.

'Your nerves—are they strong?' he asked. I told him they were as strong as the average. He asked to see my letter once more. For the second time in a few minutes I produced the document from the Ministry which had made it possible for me to see this official in the first place. He studied it carefully, held it up to the light, and inspected the water-mark. He seemed satisfied.

'Well,' he said, 'the Herr Minister Rust says you are to see things, and so you shall see them.'

We walked along the winding shore of the Spree River, and came to Friedrichstrasse, the main business street of Old Berlin. Across that, we found Ziegelstrasse.

'Here,' said my Nazi guide, as he entered one of the forbidding brick buildings. 'Here is the place where we prove that our interest in the child begins before he is born. This is a *Frauen Klinik*—a city hospital for women.'

His black S.S. uniform opened all doors. In a small locker room we slipped into surgical aprons. We climbed some stairs and entered a second-floor gallery, separated from an oval, well-illuminated operating room by a glass wall. Down below six doctors were hard at work.

What I saw drove the blood from my face for a while, I admit. Hospital beds came and went with methodical precision. The doctors made quick, deft incisions in white abdomen walls, spread the slit, and applied surgical clamps. They probed, delicately lifted a tube which they wrapped and cut. The wound was sewed, and the body was wheeled off to be replaced by another.

'What are they doing?' I asked.

He informed me they were doing what the Third Reich had to do if Germany wanted to have a race of super-soldiers. 'These doctors,' he said, 'are sterilizing women.'

For more than an hour I saw women come in with the cradle of life intact, and leave empty shells.

I asked what type of women were thus being disciplined, and was informed they were the mentally sick, women with low resistance, women who had proved through other births that their offspring were not strong. They were women suffering from defects.

'We are even eradicating color-blindness in the Third Reich,' my S.S. guide told me. 'We must not have soldiers who are color-blind. It is transmitted only by women.'

Upon questioning he admitted that some of the women were sterilized because they were enemies of the State. Many of them should be in concentration camps.

'It is not humane to keep women in concentration camps,' he said. 'But a sterilized woman loses her interest in politics, especially if her fellow-women know that she is sterilized. And we see to it that the others find out.'

He could not tell me how many women were sterilized yearly; but he knew that in this particular clinic six doctors operated four days a week. The process had been going on in all larger German cities since 1933.

'Who decides that the women are to be sterilized?' I asked. I do not require notes to quote his answer. It planted itself in my memory.

'We have courts, my dear Herr Direktor Zimmer. We have courts. It is all done very legally, rest assured. We have law and order.'

That answer affected me more than the operations. He looked at me curiously.

'Seen enough?' he asked. I had. Once outside I

took my leave, expressing my appreciation. I feel certain he returned to his colleagues and informed them gleefully that the *Amerikaner* could not take it.

I received another glimpse of this pre-natal influence the Party exerts over the children in Nazi Germany when I visited the NSV homes for prospective mothers, married and unmarried.

The NSV (National Socialist Welfare Organization) is Hitler's home army. It is organized like the regular army, with special uniforms and insignia. It is the substitute for the Red Cross. It provides for mass feedings in emergencies or war, cares for the wounded soldiers, isolates contagious diseases, has charge of the Nazi Winter Help, sends children to the country for vacations, supervises evacuations, conducts information bureaus for mothers, and provides playgrounds. It is financed by so-called 'voluntary contributions' and Party funds, primarily the latter.

One of its most cherished projects is the 'Mother and Child' movement (*Hilfswerk Mutter und Kind*).

More than sixty mother-and-child homes are maintained throughout Germany, functioning the year round. Prospective mothers, girls having babies out of wedlock, are here cared for at State expense. I have seen seven of these homes, enough to prove their similarity. They were idyllically located by lakes, near the seashore, in fertile picturesque valleys, in romantic forests, away from noise and grime. Here the women did no housework, prepared no meals, and, with the exception of certain hours devoted to instruction in Nazi ideology, could loll in the grass or on the sand all day if they wished.

My Ministry letter was the key to the NSV headquarters, located in a squat stucco building, Maybachufer 48-51, in the eastern section of Berlin. There I won the sympathetic attention of one of the executives. He was dark, had two scars from student dueling days, and could speak English. He went over the list of homes with me, and recommended the seven I saw.

The most typical one was near a small village in the Harz Hills, among the pines and lakes—Bad Sachsa. The large wooden structure, four stories high, had formerly been a luxury hotel managed by a Jew who is now in Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp. The swastika over it fluttered gaily. The spacious reception room was airy, comfortably supplied with wicker furniture, white curtains, and flowers.

My arrival was expected. The middle-aged matron in charge greeted me with the usual *Heil Hitler*. I told her I was especially interested in what the Party did for women who were going to have State children (formerly known as illegitimate children).

I was informed that the home was especially anxious to have such girls. They deserved special credit and special care for contributing a child to the State. According to the matron some of these girls still found silly, narrow-minded disapproval among relatives. As a result they occasionally developed *Hemmungen* (spiritual inhibitions). Thus handicapped, they would not produce good super-children. But they found peace and quiet in the NSV homes; the Party paid the bill.

When I asked if I could talk to one of the pros-

pective mothers, she looked at me speculatively, trying to discover my motive in asking. Her sharp blue eyes betrayed distrust for a moment, but that passed.

Some of them, she told me, would not wish to talk to me, for they were in the advanced stages of pregnancy. But there was one—a very intelligent girl—that might. She hurried to her row of files and looked at her records. Each girl had signed a statement that the father of her coming child was Aryan and in good health. That was all the registration required.

The girl's name was Magda. She was outside on the *Wiese*, the meadow. We found her. She was not beautiful, but definitely not unattractive. She was what the Germans call *eine intelligente Frau*, with sharp intelligent features, high forehead, delicate nose and brows. She was wearing a German *Turnanzug*, a blue jacket with long sleeves, open at the neck, and slacks to match. She was lying in the grass on her back, her legs up, reading a book.

She rose carefully. The matron introduced us in the formal German manner. Magda, whose last name I never learned, was self-possessed and just a trifle sharp in her manner, obviously wondering what the stranger wanted.

I explained that I was an American educator interested in the study of Nazi institutions. Her face broke into a very feminine smile. Wasn't I a bit early in coming to her with educational matters?

'Not too early,' interrupted the matron. 'I am sure Magda's child is going to be a very good Nazi.'

It was then I was allowed to peep behind the mask of this prospective young mother carrying an

illegitimate child. Her eyes glowed with a fanaticism that was intense, devouring. Her answer was one of those I did not have to write down to remember:

'My child will belong to the State. I am bringing it into the world because he has asked me to.' She was referring to Hitler, of course.

The matron nodded and asked me to have lunch with them. I bowed and accepted with thanks. She left us alone.

Magda slipped back into the lush grass. Overhead, spring clouds went streaking past like armies; dark martial pines all around sighed and whispered. Down below in the valley peasants were busy with red and white oxen; we could hear their shouts as they prodded their beasts.

Magda investigated me with brooding eyes and surmised that it must be difficult for a foreigner to understand how German women felt. I admitted it and said I had always thought a woman with child craved the protection of a man, a home, and security.

She looked at me with disdain. 'We are having children for the State, and for Adolf Hitler who personifies the State,' she said. 'Is that not much nobler, much grander, and much more glorious than having a home and a husband?'

Her eyes burned. She expressed the hope that her child would be a boy. She wanted him to grow up and become a member of the Hitler Youth, and then join the Elite Guard, the S.S.

When I asked if she was not afraid of having a baby, she sat up and gave me an answer so intense that I recall vividly every syllable: 'Afraid? Afraid of hav-

ing my baby? Do you know what I am hoping? I am hoping that I will have pain, much pain when my child is born. I want to feel that I am going through a real ordeal—for the Fuehrer!’

I changed the subject and asked about the book she was reading. It was not about the feeding of babies, but Hanns Johst’s *Maske und Gesicht*, a Nazi travelogue through Europe. I knew Johst was one of the most rabid fanatics of the whole Nazi Writers’ Union. Magda thought he was wonderful. She was especially thrilled with Johst’s assertion that wherever he went in Europe he met Nazis, men and women who felt and thought as he did, who were longing for the time when they could belong to Germany. She hoped that by the time her child grew up all Europe would call Hitler Fuehrer.

I dismissed the thought as the idle fancy of a young pregnant woman who must be humored. I broke off the interview by wishing her and her child happiness and health.

‘*Heil Hitler,*’ she answered. ‘From both of us!’

I spent the rest of the day in that home. The fifty young women talked garrulously about the blessings bestowed on them by the Fuehrer. These blessings, all about them, were tangible enough in the form of fresh air, sunshine, songs of birds, clouds, fragrant breezes.

There were other blessings. The food that was carried in for lunch was ample, consisting of big dishes of potatoes, a stew, heaps of greens. Even butter and white bread did not cause any exclamation when they

appeared. Apparently these Nazi mothers were on a par with the army, and eating as well.

But the blessing said over the food was something new in the line of prayers. After the white-clad nurses had arranged the food, everybody turned toward the wall where hung an imposing picture of Hitler above a huge swastika. The women raised their right hands and spoke in chorus: 'Our Fuehrer, we thank thee for thy munificence; we thank thee for this home; we thank thee for this food. To thee we devote all our powers [*Kraefte*]; to thee we dedicate our lives and those of our children!'

They were giving thanks to a deity. They were bringing to Hitler their infants yet unborn.

The matron and I ate in another room. In the course of the conversation I asked if only the best Nazis were allowed to come to Bad Sachsa. She smiled slyly, and admitted that often they took 'others'—healthy young mothers from whom they hoped much, but who had not been properly brought up in Nazi ideology. She assured me that after a young woman had been at the NSV home for several weeks she left a better Nazi than when she arrived.

She gave me a detailed account of a young social leader in a smaller city who could have exerted much Party influence had she wished. But she had been lukewarm in her convictions. The Party had found it wise to give her a course in Nazi ideology—not in a concentration camp which she perhaps deserved, but in this home for mothers.

Every morning the women listened to an hour's lecture on what Nazism really meant. After they re-

turned home they became the staunchest workers in their communities. And the Party kept complete record of the children too. Infants of women who had been in the NSV home were NSV wards. Representatives were sent out regularly to contact them.

'We keep the children safe for Hitler until the schools take them over at the age of six,' the matron summarized this phase of her work.

She explained the NSV interpretation of sex. The whole subject of conception and child-bearing had been put on a new plane by the Third Reich. Mating was a biological problem. The courses offered in the home helped mothers and girls to understand how necessary to health were children, how necessary to their well-being were frequent intimate embraces with men.

'We know from statistics that most of the women who leave here conceive again within a short time,' she said, according to my notes. 'The separation from their men for several weeks, the daily talks about sex, the stimulating literature we give them when they leave—it all helps to raise the birthrate. And that is our ambition—to raise the birthrate.'

After lunch there was a song hour. One song seemed a favorite. It sounded carefree and convivial and lilting. The women sang it with so much gusto and genuine enjoyment that I asked for the words. I found them later on page 144 of a songbook called *Unser Liederbuch* (*Our Songbook*), released by the Reich Youth Office, and published in 1939 by the Zentralverlag der NSDAP, Munich. I smuggled the book out of Germany:

*Hurrah, hurrah,
To the battle-front march we!
With weapons,
With tents,
With helmets,
And lance
To kill the enemy!*

The babies who would soon be sucking their mother's milk no doubt imbibed some very martial spirit. Before I left the matron gave me a stack of literature explaining the work of the NSV. She urged me to inspect the official NSV publication, *Ewiges Deutschland* (*Eternal Germany*).

The magazines were attractively printed in green ink, had numerous splendid photographs, many articles, and editorials which emphasized the importance of children and encouraged women to have babies in or out of wedlock. One article had a typical paragraph: 'In its deepest misery God bestowed upon Germany its adored Fuehrer. This is the greatest gift any nation ever received. It is now our sacred duty to prove ourselves worthy of our Fuehrer through fulfillment of our tasks, through unwavering courage and optimism which will answer "Yes" to the challenge of Life; which will say "Yes!" to our instinctive desire to bear children.' *

Other articles were more outspoken, branding those women as slackers who had fewer than four children, and reminding them that the Fuehrer had stated often enough that a woman's mission was to

* *Ewiges Deutschland*, January 1939, page 12.

have children as often as possible. Some articles advised sterile women what to do, where to go to get advice, or to get adjusted for the process of breeding.

The Home at Bad Sachsa was a mere shack compared with the *Mutter und Kind* palace at Bad Freienwalde, thirty-five miles northeast of Berlin on Route 158. It was a magnificent cream-colored stone structure surrounded with terraced gardens overlooking a village.

I arrived in the afternoon. Under towering beech trees future mothers were lolling in comfortable garden chairs, reading, knitting, or writing letters.

The matron, a tall, lean nurse of fifty, was exceedingly proud of her two hundred charges. She invited me to stay for the evening when they would produce a drama they had written themselves.

The group she introduced me to were from Berlin. As I discovered later, four of the five were unmarried, but all seemed to look forward to the blessed event with joyous realization that they were obeying the Fuehrer by having babies.

After an awkward silence, the women took pity on the lone male and began a conversation. But I was at a disadvantage in the group. The five cross-examined me as much as I did them. They wanted to know what the *Hausfrauen* of America were doing. Was it true that they were very poor housekeepers and got most of their food out of cans? Was it true that the husbands had to do most of the housework, even had to wash dishes? Was it true that some Amer-

ican women were divorced three times? They had been told all these things in lectures at the Home, and were glad to talk to a real American. I defended the American woman to the best of my ability, but my remarks fell on incredulous ears, I know.

They scoffed at the American woman's interest in politics and business. They felt what they were doing was much more important: having babies for the Fuehrer.

They soon warmed to their task of sitting in judgment. One woman, small, blonde, and chubby, in the advanced stage of pregnancy, informed me with obvious pride that she was already having her second baby out of wedlock. And she would have more, certainly. She supposed American women wouldn't have the courage to have State babies. Of course, they had no decent state for which to have babies. Or were there not enough virile men in the United States to provide women with the necessary stimuli to have babies?

'This Amerikaner does look a little small,' said another blonde, with voluptuous lips and provocative eyes. 'Perhaps the melting pot of America isn't doing so well any more since you've taken over all the dregs of Europe?'

Suppressed giggles from the others answered her.

I remarked that apparently they all seemed very happy and contented. Life out in the fresh air of Bad Freienwalde was obviously agreeing with them.

A tall dark woman with snappy brown eyes looked up from her knitting long enough to tell me

that of course it was agreeing with them. Why shouldn't it? And they felt they deserved what they were getting. They were doing something for the State, and the State was doing something for them.

She went on talking, and told her listeners about the whirl-wind romance she had experienced with her young unmarried soldier friend. That had been wonderful. Now she was having more beautiful months without care or worries. She felt that Nazi women were the most fortunate in the world.

She surmised that what I was seeing was quite different from anything I had ever seen in America. She could not understand American women who spent their lives in offices. '*Da ist mir dies schon lieber* [I prefer this],' she said.

Another woman of the group became interested. She took up the cudgel against America. According to her the United States was a vulture who had come into the hateful World War for personal gain. The Germans had the dirty French and the slimy British stopped until the United States entered. An American soldier had killed her uncle. But the time would come when their children would grow up to take revenge.

The others nodded. They all seemed to feel that America would not go unpunished; were dedicating their children, yet unborn, to a career of vengeance as Hitler's soldiers.

The evening sun was throwing shadows; the women left to get ready for supper.

The chubby one had a parting shot. She hoped that I was impressed with what the Fuehrer was do-

ing for the women of Germany. If I wasn't, I would be in the future. 'Better tell America to get ready for something,' she said.

The freely expressed antagonism toward the United States made me ask the head nurse if it had been instilled in the women on purpose; if it was the natural result of teaching in the Home.

The woman admitted that every inmate of the Home was informed daily that Germany was the leader of the world, and that all other countries were enemies.

'Isn't it true?' she asked me.

The dramatic performance that evening, given in a huge hall, complete with well-illuminated stage, comfortable chairs, and an atmosphere of the legitimate theater, enlightened me further about the attitude of these mothers of future Nazi soldiers toward the rest of the world.

The play was tolerably well acted by women who had apparently rehearsed painstakingly for the occasion. No cues were missed, the tempo was better than the average amateur production. But the delivery was pompous and oratorical.

It was the story of a woman who was lax in her admiration of Nazi ideology. During the first two acts she was portrayed as a careless individual who did not appreciate what Hitler was doing. She did not observe the one-pot Sunday, did not rear her children to be good soldiers, and made life miserable for her Nazi husband.

But justice finally reached out and caught her. The first scene of the third act was set in the

woman's bedroom. She had a lover, a foreign correspondent who was working for an unnamed government. She revealed to this man (whose part was played by a woman) information she had obtained from the mistress of a soldier.

The last scene was in a police station where several women in uniform were interrogating the woman and making her realize what an evil influence she was. In burning words they accused her of having betrayed her Fuehrer. It was not an important secret she had revealed, or she would have been beheaded. But her crime was heinous enough to send her to prison for ten years.

The culprit, in an oratorical speech delivered close to the footlights, shouted to the gathering that she realized the error of her ways. She was going to prison gladly. But when she had expiated her sin she would return and would devote the rest of her life to the work the Fuehrer had carved for her—having State babies.

The room was very quiet for a moment, and then the audience burst into a storm of applause. They clamored for the cast, and then for the author, a pale young girl, apparently very proud of her success.

She gave a short address; emphasized the moral of the play: all women of the Third Reich had been asked by the Fuehrer to devote their energies to the welfare of the future Germany. They could do this best by having children, many children. Was that not much more glorious than dabbling in politics, which would only get them into trouble anyway?

A few days later I recalled what the matron had said about their checking on children before the schools took them over.

My friend at NSV headquarters arranged for me to spend a day tramping the rounds in Berlin with one of the NSV sisters. Fraeulein Knoblauch was elderly, but as fanatic as any youngster. On her arm she had the official band with the NSV insignia—an 'N' with its arms spread wide to make room for an elongated 'S' with wings on its upper tip coming to a point and making the 'V'. Quite unabashed the lady informed me that the NSV insignia was the symbol of conception. A second inspection of the intricate pattern of the letters with their points, curves, and spread legs led me to agree with her.

Miss Knoblauch's schedule for the day was to call on four women all of whom had at one time or other been guests of the Mother and Child Home at Fuerstenberg near Berlin. The babies were now old enough for investigation. The names on her list were Fricke, Dehnicke, Strecker, and Zeidler, representing modest families scattered over various parts of the big city. They belonged to different professions.

Our first address was in the Wedding Platz district, famous in Nazi history for bloody Communist-Nazi brawls. The apartment was clean but poorly furnished. The blond mother was nervous. At her side stood the youngster whom Sister Knoblauch had come to investigate. He also was blond, chubby and dressed in a clean playsuit. He stood very straight, inspecting us with bright blue eyes.

'What does one say?' prompted the mother.

The youngster's dimpled right hand went up, he managed the gesture of clicking his little heels, and crowed, 'Heil Hitler.'

The Sister answered the salute smartly. '*Sehr gut* [very good],' she pronounced judgment. Then she asked the boy if he knew who Hitler was.

'Hitler is our beloved Fuehrer,' the lad articulated, careful not to make mistakes in his memorized words.

'That's right. We all love our Fuehrer, don't we?'

'We all love our Fuehrer,' he repeated without conviction.

'You must grow up and be a big boy so you can fight for the Fuehrer,' Sister Knoblauch continued.

But the boy did not run true to form. 'I don't like to fight,' was his unexpected rejoinder.

The Sister was genuinely shocked and looked accusingly at the mother. Patiently she explained to the youngster that Hitler's boys must all fight for him. They all had to grow up and be good soldiers.

'Am I a good soldier?' he asked.

I wrote Sister Knoblauch's answer down while she had her back turned. 'You certainly are,' she said. 'You are a Hitler soldier. You are going to grow up and be a fighter for the Fuehrer. And then you can carry a gun and learn to shoot, so you can defend the mother.'

The young mother was supposed to be thrilled by that. She wasn't. But she smiled bravely as she saw the questioning eyes of the Sister on her. With extreme politeness she asked us to come into the dining

room and have substitute coffee. It tasted as barley coffee might be expected to taste.

Sister Knoblauch pelted the mother with questions. She wanted to know how often the mother discussed Hitler and the Hitler Youth with her four-year-old. She threw out broad hints that parents who neglected to teach their children the Nazi ideology vigorously and consistently, and who did not arouse in them a martial spirit, were not good Germans.

We took the intra-urban railway to Grunewald, formerly the most pretentious residential district of Berlin. I knew the territory well. For two years the American School had been located at Koenigsallee 15, until the machinations of the janitor, a member of the Gestapo, had the school temporarily closed, previous to the transfer to Platanen Allee.

It happened to be the family of a janitor of one of the old villas whom we were to call on next. The house, formerly the home of a Jewish industrialist, had been divided into smaller apartments for Nazi government officials.

The heavy garden gate was locked. Through the bars we could see three small children at play. Sister Knoblauch pushed the bell, and asked the oldest, four years old, to release the inside catch.

'Are you alone?' she asked.

The boy told us that his mother had gone to market.

The Sister turned to me. 'Sometimes it is just as good if the parents are not home. We find out more.' She told the boy to stop playing a minute. 'Are these your brother and sister?'

The youngster was dark, thin, dressed only in a pair of German overalls. 'Mother says as soon as we have another brother or sister we don't have to worry any more about the *Darlehen*.'

The *Darlehen*, the Sister explained to me, was the money the Party had loaned the parents when they were married. Four children cancelled it.

'What do you want to be when you grow up?' she asked the child.

'I'm going to be a *Sturmtruppen Leiter*,' said the boy.

'Surely you are! Your storm troop will be the best in the country,' she encouraged him.

'I'm going to lead my soldiers to fight the ugly Poles,' the four-year-old continued, standing straight and talking like a miniature drill sergeant. 'And my brother here—he is going to be a flyer. Aren't you?'

The younger boy came nearer, stood there, nodding.

'I'm sure he is,' said the Sister. 'And then he can drop bombs on Germany's enemies.'

'What is a bomb?' inquired Little Brother eagerly.

'*Dummkopf*,' retorted his senior. 'Don't you know what a bomb is? A bomb is a big bullet. The airplane takes it up, way up, very high, and drops it, and then it goes *Crash!* And all the people who do not love our Fuehrer are dead!'

I wrote my notes in German shortly after that. The lad was using Berlin slang. But that was the meaning of his words. Berlin slang is hard to translate.

Sister Knoblauch did not mind the slang. She

beamed all over. 'Isn't it wonderful?' she asked. 'All is well here. We can go.'

We met with less enthusiasm at our next stop, a home in Westend, blocks out on Heerstrasse. Apparently things were out of rhythm here. The mother, a thin young thing, was pale. She greeted us with apathy. Sister Knoblauch demanded to see her little girl.

The mother stared at us. I held my breath, for there was drama in the air.

'My girl? She is dead. She died last week,' she said.

Sister Knoblauch looked astounded. Then she became angry. With a growl in her voice she demanded why the NSV had not been informed about this death, according to rules.

The mother looked up, indescribably weary. But the Sister was up in arms. She repeated that in case of death the local NSV must be informed at once.

Not a word of condolence, not a word of sympathy, not even a question about the cause of the death. Only rancor at broken regulations.

The woman explained that she had been sick herself, but had made a report the previous day at local headquarters, down on Kaiserdamm. The Sister looked relieved and agreed that in that case the report had not yet come through.

'But, *gnaedige Frau*,' she scolded, 'why so downcast, why so sad?'

The woman did not look up. 'I loved my little girl.'

Sister Knoblauch launched into a punitive lecture in which she advised the woman to forget a mere

girl and have another baby, many babies, right away. It would make her forget her troubles. Women of the Third Reich had no time for weak sentimentality. They had work to do. She would arrange for several weeks at the Home where the mother had been before. She asked her if she would like to go there again.

The woman winced. Tears were trickling down her cheeks. 'No,' she begged, 'no! Not there.'

Sister Knoblauch adopted a more severe tone. 'Come, come, woman. This won't do. There must not be mourning for the dead—not in our New Germany. There must only be expectation of the living. We will send you to a Home in Bavaria. That will be a change. Unless you'd rather not go?'

The question was a threat, not a suggestion. The woman was startled. There was fear on her blanched face now, fear of displeasing the Party.

'I want to go,' she announced tonelessly.

'Silly woman,' the Sister said when we were outside. We reached Adolf Hitler Platz and I suddenly remembered that I had an important appointment. I was thoroughly convinced that Hitler's system does keep track of children until the schools take them over and carry on the work.

Sister Knoblauch had mentioned the Nazi day nurseries, the *Kindertagesstaedte*, in her discussion. I knew them to be institutions where working parents could leave their pre-school children and be certain that they would not only be kept safe, be housed and fed, but would be taken by the hand and led to Hitler's altar there to worship. I visited several of them, obtained permission, in fact, to take the members of the

Sociology Class of the American School through one in Berlin.

This Berlin institution was housed in a converted factory that had formerly belonged to a Jew. True Nazi organization was evident everywhere. The children were carefully classified: the small tots were on lower floors, older children were occupying the upper storeys. Trained Nazi *Erzieher* were giving the children the best possible care. The Party provided food, entertainment, flags, pictures, supervision, and special uniforms for all, including the six-month-old babies.

It was at this pre-school nursery that I heard a group of boys, hardly able to talk, memorize a song their teacher was drilling into them with enthusiasm:

*Unsern Fuehrer lieben wir,
Unsern Fuehrer ehren wir,
Unsern Fuehrer folgen wir,
Bis wir Maenner werden;*

*An unsern Fuehrer glauben wir,
Fuer unsern Fuehrer leben wir,
Fuer unsern Fuehrer sterben wir,
Bis wir Helden werden.*

The English would be:

*We love our Fuehrer,
We honor our Fuehrer,
We follow our Fuehrer,
Until men we are;*

*We believe in our Fuehrer,
We live for our Fuehrer,
We die for our Fuehrer,
Until heroes we are.*

While my Sociology Class was inspecting the clean kitchen where good food was being prepared for the next feeding, I had an opportunity to talk with the Nazi nurse in charge.

She was friendly and glad to inform me about the smoothly functioning nursery. The Party was sparing no pains, no money, to make this institution an important cog in the system. They took only healthy children, of course, and those whose parents were of pure Aryan descent, which they proved with their *Ahnenschein*, their genealogical record. The parents had to sign a paper that the children were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Party during the time they were in the nursery. The Party could deal with them as it saw fit.

According to the nurse, the Party had worked out a definite routine of training these youngsters in Nazi ideology. The teachers and nurses were graduates of special NSV schools where they had received minute instruction in courses planned by the Party.

She explained that the children learned strictest discipline, absolute obedience, and became thoroughly acquainted with the *Fuehrer Prinzip*. They learned to revere the Fuehrer and look upon him as the savior of Germany. Their minds were too immature to realize all his great accomplishments, but no child left the institution without learning that Hitler

was a superman, who alone could save Germany from her enemies.

And they sowed in the minds of the little boys, she said, the first great desire to become soldiers for Hitler; and the maternal instinct of the girls was fostered from the very moment when they felt like playing house or fondling dolls.

'Why, some of our youngsters here could put old fogies of the previous generation to shame with their adoration for Hitler,' she concluded.

But it was a *Kindertagesstaedte* in a little woods, the Mischwald, not far from Nuremberg, that I considered the most typical. The building was a neat white square with many windows and a tiled room, and had been constructed with Party funds. The door was open when I arrived, and I walked in. The single large room was light and airy and there were colored Bavarian curtains at the windows. The furniture consisted of attractively painted Bavarian chairs, tables, and chests of drawers. The most prominent decoration was a large colored picture of Hitler. Beneath it stood a table with flowers, as if it were a shrine.

This kindergarten, I knew, was taking care of children whose mothers were working in the fields. A class of tots, boys and girls, were sitting around a table covered with games. Coeducation is permitted in Nazi Germany—below the age of four!

I introduced myself to the teacher, a buxom lass of twenty, and flashed my letter from the Ministry in Berlin. It produced unexpected results. The girl became almost servile in the presence of such a document. The class was badly disrupted; that was

obvious. I attempted to help things along. I commented on the lovely school.

'Our Fuehrer gave us our school,' chirped a little boy dressed in a juvenile version of a Bavarian jacket, big lapels, bone buttons and all.

'Our Fuehrer gave us our school,' came the echo from others. By this time the teacher had regained some of her composure.

'What are we going to do for the Fuehrer because he has given us this wonderful school?' she asked.

I didn't get all the answers. Here are a few:

'We will eat a lot and get strong and then we can help him.'

'We will work on the farm for him and raise potatoes and sugar beets and pigs and then we will save the Fatherland.'

'We will become soldiers,' said a blond youngster, his eyes bright as buttons. 'I want to shoot a Frenchman!'

'It may not be a Frenchman whom you will shoot,' corrected the teacher. 'But German boys will grow up and become soldiers and then they will do what the Fuehrer says.'

There was more in the same vein. The teacher told me later that her instructions from the Party were very specific. These schools were Hitler Schools, built with Party funds. The Party could rightfully expect certain returns.

There are hundreds of these Nazi pre-school institutions in Germany. They all follow the same

slogan: 'Give Hitler the child from the time he learns to talk and think. He is his!'

The whole question of pre-school children in Nazi Germany was epitomized for me by a young S.S. (*Schutz Staffel*—Elite Guard) member, who had just become a father. When I asked him about his boy he told me the youngster belonged to Hitler.

I asked if he was going to have him baptized.

He seemed astonished at the queer question. He would certainly not have his baby boy baptized. He and his wife were good Nazis, not slaves to some church or cult. They had passed the health examination before they were married. Before that they had experimented to discover if they were physically mated. They were married by a Nazi official in uniform. Over them hung a picture of the Fuehrer. Their wedding gift from the Party was a copy of *Mein Kampf*. The Party loaned them the money to get married. They would have four children in four years so they need not pay it back. But baptism? What had they to do with baptism?

'To us it suffices that we have dedicated our lives and the life of our infant to the Party and the Fuehrer,' he concluded. 'We are too busy on this earth to worry about rituals which concern possible other worlds, and which are Jewish.'

I did not pursue the subject. I had discovered that Hitler demands the bodies and the souls of the German pre-school child. The German parents have heard their Fuehrer's command, they are obeying, bringing their children to the Nazi altar as parents of

old brought their offspring to the altars of pagan gods.

‘Bring the children unto me, bring *many* children unto me,’ saith Adolf Hitler.

‘Yes, our Fuehrer,’ cry the faithful.

RECEPTIVE

(THIS is the story of the *Pimpf*, the Little Fellow. The Nazi Party takes him from the NSV at the age of six, and keeps him until he is ten. He wears a dignified uniform: heavy black shoes, short black stockings, black shorts, a brown shirt with a swastika armband, and a trench cap.

The Pimpf organization lays the groundwork for Party activities in the Jungvolk and the Hitler Youth. The boy receives a number, and is given a *Leistungsbuch*, an efficiency record book. Throughout the years it records not only his physical development, and his advancement in military prowess, but also his ideological growth. His school, home, and Party activities are minutely supervised, controlled, inspected, and indelibly registered.

At the age of ten the Pimpf must pass a rigid examination as outlined in the Pimpf manual, before he can be promoted to the Jungvolk. If he fails to be promoted, he is made to feel that he would be better off dead; if he does pass, he is told that he must be ready to die for Hitler

in the Jungvolk, even as he was ready to die for him in the Pimpf stage.)

HALF an hour before sunrise, 19 April, I hurried up to the Marksburg, best-preserved medieval castle on the Rhine. Even before I reached the pinnacle I realized that the two hundred youngsters, aged ten, who would that morning be promoted from Pimpf to Jungvolk had got up long before me.

It was the day before Hitler's birthday, dedicated by Nazi tradition to youth promotions all over Germany. The office of Baldur von Schirach in Berlin had designated Castle Marksburg as a typical setting for a Pimpf graduation ceremony. The Rhineland S.S. had put the castle at the disposal of the Youth Organization of Cologne for the day.

The lads had walked a distance of fifty miles and had arrived at the village of Braubach at the foot of the castle the night before. I saw them come stumbling in, weary and hungry, but singing their songs with high piping voices thin with fatigue. This march was their last test of endurance, a sort of final examination in leg prowess before their graduation.

They were now standing in rank and file in the largest of the Marksburg courtyards. My credentials from the Ministry were acknowledged with a *Heil Hitler*. Most of the boys seemed cold in the damp morning air. They were dressed only in shorts and shirts. Their caps were tucked into their belts, but their clothes were brushed and their shoes were shiny.

A guard led the way into an inner court where

the stone was carved into steps. We entered a room lined with slabs of dark oak; light came through slits in the walls; the floor was warped. The spirit of the Middle Ages seemed rampant.

The commander came in, a man of thirty-five, in the black and white uniform of the Elite Guard. His round face was bland, but his penetrating black eyes stared through me.

I held out my letter. He inspected it and informed me that if he let me stay I was not to disturb anything or anybody. The boys looked upon this as a very sacred rite. They would not think it proper that idle curiosity be satisfied at their expense.

I assured him that I, too, looked upon the ceremony as a serious matter. He seemed satisfied. We groped our way up a dark winding stairway into the *Zeughaus*, the armory of the castle, where walls and ceiling bristled with a complicated display of medieval and World War weapons. He threw open a casement, and I could look directly into the courtyard filled with boys.

Over the walls to the left I could see the misty path of the Rhine go curving away, with its vineyards, castles, and modest romantic villages; over to the right the sun was just peeping over the wooded hills of the Taunus. A sharp command stopped all movement and noise down in the castle-yard. Hundreds of youthful heels clicked to attention.

The officer in charge introduced the guest of honor, a high official from the Hitler Youth, Munich division.

The sun came crawling over the walls, and its

rays stopped some of the youngsters from shivering quite so much.

The speaker soon got into his stride. His voice was brittle. I had good opportunity to take notes up in my window. Here are excerpts from the address:

'You boys must be hard—hard as iron; the Fuehrer has demanded it. You must be loyal; the Fuehrer has demanded it. But above all, you must be ready and willing to give up your lives for the Fuehrer; he has demanded that, too.

'On you rests the future of Germany. Our Fatherland needs you. Germany will some day be the ruler of the world. Our Nordic culture will go out and cover the earth. The youth of other nations does not understand us. They hate us. Democracies point fingers at us. They say we are making you boys into soldiers. Do we deny it? Certainly not. They do not realize how eager and ready German boys are to become soldiers for Hitler. We will make Germany what she should always have been, a force to be reckoned with. [*Eine Gewalt mit der die Welt rechnen musz.*.]'

He ended as he began, with a *Heil Hitler*. The only applause was a chorus of 'Sieg heil, Sieg heil, Sieg heil.' There was no cheering, no stamping of feet. This occasion was too holy for that.

A penetrating fanfare of trumpets from the tower of the castle, more than a hundred feet above us, sent a flock of pigeons wheeling toward the valley. I could see tenseness in the young ranks. A short silence; somebody struck a note on a pitch-pipe, and the boys burst forth with *Deutschland, Deutschland*

ueber Alles, and then *Die Fahne Hoch*, the *Horst Wessel Lied*.

Another fanfare shattered the spring morning. A sharp command, and from round a corner of the castle came a color guard of three boys. The one in the center carried an old tattered swastika flag on a tall pole.

'*Die Blutsfahne*,' said the commander. 'The bloodflag. And look, the sun! Casting its rays right on it.'

'The bloodflag—?'

'Yes. It is one of the flags from the fighting days of the Party. Some member of the squad to which it belonged was killed by Communists. The flag was dipped in his blood. It is now a holy flag!'

Quickly the boys formed a circle. Some were pale, some were flushed. The most momentous occasion of their young lives was approaching.

'Raise your hands,' came a command. 'Repeat after me.'

And the spring sunshine and the Rhine and the medieval castle heard the following:

'In the presence of this bloodflag which represents our Fuehrer, I swear to devote all my energies, all my strength to the savior of our country, Adolf Hitler. I am willing and ready to give up my life for him, so help me God. One People, one Nation, one Fuehrer.'

The hands relaxed. The youth leader spoke again, softly. 'Boys,' he said, 'you have just taken an oath. Live up to it. You are no longer Pimpfs, you are Jungvolk. We will demand more of you than be-

fore; your duties will be heavier; your responsibilities greater. But your glory will also be greater.' His tone became informal as he told the boys to march back to their barracks and rest; there would be a trip up the Rhine in the afternoon.

A few minutes later I met one of the troop leaders in the *Alte Schaenke*, the historic drinking booth of the Marksburg. He was glad to talk. I asked specifically about a certain *Leistungsbuch* that many German boys of my acquaintance had always mentioned with bated breath.

The leader called one of the youngsters and commanded him to show us his efficiency record.

The lad reached into an oilcloth pocket dangling from his brown belt and pulled out a book with a stiff cardboard cover, the size of a school tablet.

That book proved with what efficiency and thoroughness the Party governs the lives of every German boy. It was a complicated ledger dividing life into activities, called *Bedingungen* (prerequisites).

I remember some of the headings:

Weltanschauliche Schulung (Ideological schooling).

Pimpfenprobe (Promotion examination).

Athletic achievements, including running, swimming, boxing, long distance hikes.

Military accomplishments, including the ability to erect a tent, march, make maps, find directions by use of the stars, do spy work, recognize trees and plants.

Shooting, practice with bull's-eye, practice with stuffed dummy.

Party accomplishments, fervor for Nazi teachings, knowledge of Hitler songs, Hitler biography, Hitler oaths, Hitler holidays.

Auslands Kenntnisse (foreign affairs), names of territories lost by the Treaty of Versailles, knowledge of lost African colonies, names and locations of *Stuetzpunkte*, strategic positions in foreign countries of military value.

The leader explained that this book formed the permanent record of everything the boy did, thought, or neglected to do from the age of six to fourteen. Every accomplishment and every mistake was registered, signed, and countersigned by officials.

'You are very proud today, Johann?' I asked.

'*Jawohl, Herr Direktor,*' he answered. 'Today I was allowed to dedicate my life to Hitler. I will follow him until I die.'

When the troop leader discovered that I was going to Heidelberg to attend a midnight ceremony for the Hitler Youth, he suggested that I drive through Mainz and stop at the Jugendfuehrer's office, in the Emmeransstrasse. He would be able to give me more information.

I sacrificed breakfast in my eagerness to get to Mainz. The scenery along the Rhine was gay with the first signs of spring, which comes early in that warm valley. On the palisaded shores the Baron Knights paraded their castles: Castle of the Mouse, Castle of the Cat, the Mouse Tower, Bingen; I skirted the myth-shrouded Cliff of the Loreley; crawled through the elongated village of Assmanshausen, famous for sparkling Burgundy; and crossed the river into

Mainz. I found the designated street a few blocks from the Gutenberg memorial. The gray stone building, marked *Reichsjugendamt—Rhein*, was a busy place. But the chief official was willing to give me all the information he could.

I mentioned the official Pimpf manual which, I had heard, was the standard guide for boys between six and ten. He sent downstairs for a copy which he presented to me. The volume, handsomely bound in brown and gray cloth, was called *Pimpf Im Dienst* (*The Young One in Service*). It is a publication of the Ludwig Voggenreiter Verlag, Potsdam, under the auspices of the National Youth Office. I was given ample time to leaf through the book, which contains 313 pages.

'This book,' I said, 'looks like a regular military manual. Most of it seems to be devoted to military activities, marching, maneuvers, map making, spy work, trajectory angles, shooting, military gymnastics.'

The official was a jolly young Rhinelander who chuckled and said that of course it was a military manual. What did I expect it to be? Did I think they were raising their boys to pick grapes? He leaned back and roared. 'No, grape picking, and wine drinking, too, we leave to the old ones. We must get hard. We must get our youth ready to work. Let me see the book a moment.'

Defly he turned to page 251. 'Here. This is the slogan of all German youth today.'

He pointed with a pudgy finger. I read the

words: 'Zaehne zusammen. Aushalten! [Clinch your teeth, boys. Endure!]

'How long are the marches that the boys below ten make per day?' I asked, thinking of the Pimpfs who had walked to the Marksburg.

He informed me that the average daily march was about twelve and a half miles for beginners, and correspondingly more for older boys. He explained other matters. According to him, all German boys must learn something about flying and parachutes; they all study military geography, not only of all of Europe, but of Asia, Africa, and the United States. He believed that the boys would give a good account of themselves in the next war, which he thought was not far off. I finally had to leave to make my Heidelberg date.

Back in Berlin a few weeks later I attended a series of classes for boys below ten. I talked to many teachers. None of them ever heard of educational psychology as we know it. Terms such as memory span, motivation, motor skill, vocal auditory repetition meant nothing to them. They were imbued with one idea, and one idea only: to make the boy think, feel, and act as a true Nazi. The teachers knew that they would be rated as pedagogues not by the showing their classes made in school examinations but in the tests given by Party officials. These tests were based on the Pimpf manual, and the grades were recorded in the Leistungsbuch.

I spent one day at a *Volksschule* not far from the Christus Kirche where Pastor Niemoeller for-

merly preached. I attended a history class, a nature-study class, a reading class, and a geography class. The Rector, a quiet, pudgy Berliner, informed me that I would find nothing extreme in his school, for he did not tolerate any excesses. In view of that, what I did see was singularly interesting.

The discipline in all classes was exemplary; most of the periods were devoted to lectures by the teachers; there were no textbooks.

The history teacher was a young man in uniform who taught with vigor and enthusiasm. He had a booming voice loud enough for a lecture hall. His boys were learning about Nazi heroes. On that particular day they were worshipping Albert Leo Schlageter, who had been executed by the French during their occupation of the Ruhr shortly after World War I. The major part of the lesson was devoted to that phase of Schlageter's career which endeared him to present-day Nazis: his bravery before the firing squad.

'Destiny,' said the teacher, 'always provides Germany with heroes. The noblest of these heroes, the noblest German ever born in any hour of need, is our beloved Fuehrer. He brought Germany back from the brink of destruction. He became its savior.'

Then he gave his boys a grisly account of Schlageter's execution. He quoted the Reverend Fasz-bender, Schlageter's father confessor. With dramatic gestures and a variety of facial expressions he related how Schlageter bravely marched to the white execution post. A French clerk of court hastily read the execution order. A soldier tied the brave German to

the post by his feet. As the martyr waited there for his undeserved death, a skylark rose just behind him and swung itself upward toward the sun with a song of glory. Nature thus indicated that the spirit of Schlageter would never die.

The soldier put a white bandage over the hero's eyes and leaped aside. The commander of the firing squad gave a loud command and a salvo of shots broke the stillness. Schlageter fell forward on his face. He was no more. His brave heart had stopped. One of the dastardly French officers stepped up to the corpse and for good measure fired a shot into its neck. The body jerked as if in protest.

'But this hero of German history is not dead,' the teacher shouted dramatically. 'He lives today in the Nazi movement. All enemies of Germany will die some day even as he died. But Germany will live. The Fuehrer has said that Germany will live to revenge itself on its enemies.'

I looked at his class as the teacher dismissed them. His words had gone deep. Concentrated fury was written on the faces of the youngsters.

They expressed the desire to hang all Frenchmen, to go to Paris and drop bombs.

'Lasz mal, Mensch, das wird unser Fuehrer schon machen [Never mind, fellow, our Fuehrer will do just that],' said one boy of ten.

The teacher of the nature-study class was older. He wore a Nazi uniform, complete with Iron Cross. He was clean-shaven, bald. I settled myself in a corner where I could take notes. He began his class with a *Heil Hitler*. 'Today we are going to draw conclusions

from yesterday's field trip. What are some of the things we saw?'

The boys had seen an ant hill and had explored it; they had watched beetles and bugs and bees.

'We also saw two roosters fight,' came from the class comedian, who was quickly squelched with a withering look.

'And everywhere you looked,' the teacher declared, 'you saw how nature employed the *Fuehrer Prinzip*, the principle of leadership. One thing you did not see, and that is the principle of democracy.'

The class roared as if on command.

The teacher continued to explain how everywhere in nature the leader had to be obeyed; the strong dominated the weak. Ants, for instance, did their assigned tasks without questioning. 'And,' he asked his class, 'which ants saw to it that the commands of the leader were carried out, and saw to it that everybody worked for the benefit of all?'

'*Die Soldaten*, the soldiers,' shouted the class.

The teacher went on from there. He explained how nature intended soldiers to be the most important cogs in any state. The most honorable profession was that of a soldier. Hitler's boys did not have to worry about what they were going to be when they grew up. The highest profession in the world was to be a soldier for Adolf Hitler.

One of the boys recalled that the class had seen a fleeing black crow pursued by a group of smaller birds pecking at him.

The teacher made full use of that incident. It reminded him, he said, of Germany's wonderful new

air force. The crow was the enemy, who was loud, a thief, and sly. But the little birds united and drove him off. Thus the air force of Hitler would drive off the enemy.

A reading class in German schools is called 'German.' In these classes the boys learn to read and write, and here they absorb German culture, literature, oratory, and drama.

In the reading class I visited that day an old teacher of sixty was teaching his boys a German poem. He spoke the lines, and they repeated them.

It was a dramatic poem of eight stanzas relating the eternal struggle in nature between the weak and the strong. But the strong won out, rightfully so. It began with a lowly fly that pounced on a smaller victim and refused to grant it mercy in spite of its pleas. The stanza ended with the lines:

*'Please,' begged the victim, 'let me go,
For I am such a little foe.'*

*'No,' said the victor, 'not at all,
For I am big, and you are small!'*

A spider caught the fly and devoured it without mercy; a sparrow, in turn, caught the spider; a hawk caught the sparrow; a fox caught the hawk; a dog caught the fox; a wolf caught the dog; a hunter caught the wolf. In each case the victor refused to grant mercy because he was bigger and stronger. The boys loved it.

The teacher pointed out the moral, which I noted: 'This struggle is a natural struggle. Life could not go on without it. That is why the Fuehrer wants

his boys to be strong, so they can be the aggressors and the victors, not the victims. Life and nature respect only the strong and big. Germany will be strong. The Fuehrer will make it so strong that it can go out and attack any foe the wide world over.'

I had one more class to visit. I thought of skipping it at the time, but am glad now that I didn't. This geography class, more than any of the others, made me realize what was going on in Nazi schools.

The class was in progress when I slipped in. The teacher was talking about Germany's deserved place in world affairs. He ascribed her recent swift rise to the Fuehrer's doctrine of race purity. Not every country could boast of a pure race. Czechoslovakia, for instance, was nothing but a few remnants of a race formerly under German rule, mixed with Slavs, Jews, and Galicians. The Poles were no race. But there were other countries that were fast going downhill because of racial sins. He asked his boys to name some.

They mentioned Russia, England, France. The teacher was not satisfied.

'Well, which country has always called itself the "melting pot" of all other nations? Jungens, that you must know.'

Then came the chorus, 'Amerika.'

I began to jot down notes as fast as I could; this was getting close to home.

The teacher launched into a devastating diatribe that made short shrift of the United States, that country which had joined the last war just to make money. He worked himself into an emotional fervor.

He explained how during the centuries there

had been many men and women who could not get along in Europe. Most of them were criminals and crooks, reprobates and renegades. They were the undesirables. Whenever they tangled with the law in Germany, or any other European country, they got on a boat and went to the United States. There they married each other. And now the children—well, any German boy with intelligence could see what the result would be. These children, in turn, mingled with Jews and Negroes. The citizens of the United States were sinking lower and lower.

But he wasn't through.

'There are many other weaknesses as a result of this lack of racial purity,' he continued. 'Their government is corrupt. They have a low type of government, a democracy. What is a democracy?'

I wrote down a few of the answers:

'A democracy is a government by rich Jews.'

'A democracy is a form of government in which people waste much time.'

'A democracy is a government in which there is no real leadership.'

'A democracy is a government that will be defeated by the Fuehrer.'

'*Das so wie so.*' The teacher grinned. 'That in any case.' He expressed the conviction that the democratic form of government could not last long in a world where National Socialism was fast getting the upper hand. Democracies had too many flaws.

'Look at the United States,' he said. 'It is the richest country in the world. It has almost all the gold in the world. But it also has the largest number of

unemployed of any country. Look at some of these pictures.'

He had pictures, cut from German illustrated weeklies, purporting to depict starving men along sidewalks and wharves in American cities.

Moreover, the United States was abusing its minorities. The American Indian was almost exterminated; the Negro was lynched on the nearest tree.

The lot of the laboring man was especially unenviable. He reminded the boys of the benefits their fathers were deriving from the labor front, the Nazi Arbeitsfront, which provided pensions, free vacations, trips to the Mediterranean. But in America capital and labor were engaged in an eternal struggle. As a result there were innumerable strikes.

The boys, most of them nine years old, did not know what strikes were. There had not been any in Germany since 1933. The teacher explained, and used more pictures, allegedly of American strikes.

The reactions were written clearly on the faces of the listening boys. A country where such things could be need not be respected, much less feared.

The teacher had one parting shot. 'And the leader of the United States? Who is he?'

'Roosevelt,' somebody said.

The teacher's voice got mysterious. 'Roosevelt he calls himself. But his real name is Rosenfeldt. What does that show you?'

'He's a Jew,' shouted the class.

A bell rang. The boys were dismissed. I approached the teacher. 'This teaching about democracies—it follows the regular program? I mean, the

same thing is being taught in all German schools?’

He looked at me with beetling gray eyes. ‘*Ausländer* [foreigner]?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then you can’t understand how we feel, of course. Yes, all our schools teach the same thing about democracies. It is based on the Teachers’ Manual of Minister Rust.’

The book he took out of a table drawer was the same official manual Rust had given me.

‘Here,’ he said, ‘here on page 116, you will find the outline of what to teach about the United States.’

I perused the page. It instructed the teachers to use many *Anschauliche* [illustrative] examples, and to embellish as much as possible when teaching about the labor trouble, the mixture of races, the over-production, the strikes, the minority problems of the United States.

One thing had become clear to me. The Nazi schools were systematically and effectively breaking down the very sincere respect for the United States harbored by pre-Hitler Germans. The old generation had looked upon the United States as a nation of cousins. Many of them had relatives over here.

The old guide at the Wartburg, where Luther translated the Bible, heard us speak English. He asked us if we were Americans, and if we had ever been in Chicago. When we answered in the affirmative, a beatific smile went over his old face. ‘Then I am sure you have met my relative. His name is Meier,’ he said.

Such feeling for the United States naturally did not fit into Hitler’s scheme of things. It had to be

eradicated. What better place to do it in than the schools?

The Pimpf's school day ends at one o'clock. Then his Party activities begin. He meets with other Pimpfs at the district headquarters. There duties await him; he runs errands for the NSV or the Party; he does guard duties for the S.A.; he makes himself useful in a hundred ways—of course without pay.

Week ends are almost invariably devoted to military maneuvers, as outlined by the Pimpf manual. I attended some of these. The country around Berlin is ideal proving-ground for future soldiers. It is rolling, has sand dunes, ravines, small lakes.

One windy April day a troop of thirty boys left Berlin for maneuvers. I followed later on my bicycle. But apparently I could not read maps as well as the boys, for by one o'clock I had pedalled my way through miles of sandy woods and had seen no trace of boys playing soldiers.

I found a warm sandy knoll under some jack-pines, unwrapped a lunch, and opened my thermos of tea, determined to continue the search after an hour's rest.

Suddenly I heard a low moan, some distance away. I followed the sound and almost stumbled across a youngster of nine or ten lying on the ground, scientifically staked out. He was gagged.

I thought of kidnapping. But there was no such thing as kidnapping in the Third Reich. There had been a case, but the guilty parties had been apprehended one morning, tried and sentenced by noon, beheaded before nightfall.

And then I realized, this was part of the practice maneuver. I soon had the stakes out, and the boy sat up. He blurted out his story. He had been acting as spy, and had been caught. Being staked out was part of his punishment. He knew he deserved it. But he thought they had gone off and left him for good. He had visions of starving to death. Even his Spartan spirit broke under that strain.

While he talked he danced about, scratching himself. He never told me, but I saw that he had been lying almost on top of a hill of big black ants which abound in the woods between Berlin and Potsdam. Whether he had been put there purposely or not I never found out.

Together we discovered the boys, effectively hidden miles away. They cycled back to Berlin that evening as proud as professional soldiers after a victory.

German boys in the Pimpf stage are not made of frogs and snails and puppy-dog tails, but of iron and a pious hope to die for the Fuehrer. I visited a Pimpf camp in Saxony near Dresden, where the little fellows were kept for several weeks to harden them. About a hundred of them had 'played' hard at their military games; they had been fed from regular military kitchens; they had listened to a lecture on Nazi ideology. They were now settling down around a camp fire for a songfest.

Throughout the hour devoted to this I heard not one single song expressing any tender emotion of friendship, love for parents, love of fellow-men, joy of living, hope of future life. The songs extolled self-

sacrifice for the cause; dealt with battles, bloody flags, and heroes' graves.

I spent a day at the Anthropological Museum (Voelkerkunde Museum) in Berlin, famous for its detailed exhibits of racial life in many countries, displayed in huge glass cases. I trailed a group of Pimpfs who came there with their teacher. He was an elderly man with a small goatee. He wore a gray cutaway and black trousers, white stiff collar and black tie. The swastika button in his lapel was bright and shiny.

He stopped his group before the glass case with the stuffed Sioux Indians. According to the teacher the Indian was the only example of pure race in the United States.

The display of Semites living in their flat-roofed Oriental house evoked this: If the Jews had stayed in Palestine, there would be no trouble in the world today.

The cases with the different African jungle tribes offered an incentive to talk about Germany's lost colonies. But she would get them back.

The numerous exhibitions of the early Germanic tribes inspired the teacher to say that the Germanic people had always been the acme of integrity among tribes; were the first to bring true culture to Europe; were the earliest to develop true government; swept Europe with their indomitable spirit, a spirit which had been passed down through the ages and was now personified by the Fuehrer and the Nazi Party.

At the display showing Japanese fishermen

mending their nets, the boys listened to a dissertation on the virtues of Germany's brave yellow allies.

But the exhibit that fascinated most was the recently added display of Nazi uniforms. Here was the ultimate in human accomplishment. All the specimens of humanity in the other glass cases were striving, but had not attained. Only Germany had the Fuehrer. How poor in comparison were the human beings who had not the privilege of having a savior like Adolf Hitler!

The group left hushed and awed.

How seriously the Pimpf takes his rank I realized when I talked with Hermann P., a broken-hearted German father whose boy had been refused permission to attend the graduation exercises of his troop. His Leistungsbuch showed excellent marks; he had fulfilled all the rigid requirements. But he had been told quite openly that he could not be promoted because his father was not as good a Nazi as he should be!

The boy knew what that meant. If he was not promoted to the Jungvolk, he could never become a Hitler Youth. No Hitler Youth, no S.A. No S.A., no position, no job, no rank, nothing.

'I found him a few nights ago on the kitchen floor unconscious,' the father told me. 'While his mother and I were attending an anti-air-raid rehearsal, he stuffed newspapers under the door and turned on the gas. We barely saved his life. I have now signed a paper that I will join the Arbeitsfront, and become active in the Party. After all—my life is lived. I was in

the last war, and all that. But the boy—he must have his chance. He took the signed paper to his Gruppenleiter. They are going to promote him now.’

But the Nazi Party does not devote all its attention to healthy Jungvolk. The feeble-minded also receive their share. I realized that when quite by chance I heard, on a Thuringia visit, that Georg Abels, young official of the Nazi Health Office, had been transferred to Eisenach. I had not seen him for years, and looked Abels up. His office was a big busy place facing the Moenchstrasse, not far from the birthplace of Johann Sebastian Bach.

He greeted me enthusiastically; when he saw my Ministry letter he was delighted. When he heard that I was returning to the United States he urged me to warn America: ‘We are not the weak Germans we were in 1918. We are stronger and harder. We have got rid of our weaklings.’

I recalled a conversation I had with him years ago in the City Hall of Berlin, when he intimated that the Nazi Party was in favor of euthanasia and sterilization.

‘Killing off the undesirables, are you?’ I asked.

He looked very pained, and declared that Americans were sentimental fools. ‘Killing’ was just a word. The Party was not interested in individuals, but in the race, which was the bigger unit. He reminded me that individuals should be willing to sacrifice for the race. Soldiers did that; the Hitler Youth had taken oaths to die for Hitler, and so had the Hitler girls. And the race should not hesitate to rid itself of sick, abnormal individuals.

He assured me that the death of those unfortunates who could not contribute to the race was a fine death, painless, almost beautiful. He knew of cases where feeble-minded children who had received the proper instruction had asked to die for Hitler. They knew they could not die for him as soldiers, so they asked to die for him in the *Hitler Kammer*.

'The Hitler chamber?' I asked.

He explained that the Hitler chamber was a little white hospital chamber where underprivileged weaklings went to sleep. He asked if I would like to see one. I assured him I would.

He pressed a button and asked an attendant to get him some information. He continued talking to me, expressing the conviction that soon nobody would even raise an eyebrow if they heard that a feeble-minded child, or a weary old man had found rest. He assured me that the feeble-minded children in Nazi Germany were all over seven years old. The meaning of this did not strike me till I realized that it had been approximately seven years since the *Erbgesundheitsgesetz*, the law controlling marriages, went into effect.

'What about the children over seven years?' I asked.

He assured me, pacing the floor, that the Party gave them a chance. They were kept alive until they were ten. By that time they knew if the boys would ever become useful or not. Those with intelligence enough to become street cleaners or perform simple tasks, were sterilized to prevent offspring, and put to work. They could never join the army, of course.

I asked about the rest. He suggested that we see for ourselves.

The next day we drove through the pine-clad Harz, skirted the industrial district around Leipzig, and came to the extensive Duebener Heath. In the distance I saw the bulbous dome of the castle church where Martin Luther initiated the Reformation by nailing his theses on the door.

We finally stopped in front of a gray stone wall surrounding an *Erbhof*, a hereditary estate. Abels explained to the storm-trooper at the gate that I was a friend. Inside the wall I saw buildings in an open square, but no agricultural activities, and no animals. It was noon; all noise seemed to come from one building. We entered it. At long tables, clean but without tablecloths, sat about a hundred boys from seven to ten, dressed in blue slacks and loose jackets. They were laddling stew out of coarse metal dishes.

A supervisor saw us and gave a sharp command as if to prisoners. Most of the boys lumbered to their feet. The few who remained seated, gawking, were soon brought to attention by officers.

'Heil Hitler!' shouted the assembly of feeble-minded boys. It was the most unmusical hail I have ever heard.

'Here they are, a school for feeble-minded—how do you like them?' Abels asked. 'Aren't they a horrible collection? What a vile contrast to a group of healthy German children. Just a waste of human effort. They are silent witnesses to the laxity of the German Republic, which allowed to be produced what you see here.'

The boys were not a very happy sight as they ate like animals at their troughs. We left the room and went into another part of the building where Abels showed me some workshops where the boys did simple handwork, modeling, basketwork, and woodcarving.

I asked if the boys got any instruction in Hitler ideology, and was informed that they all had to learn as much about Hitler and his ideas as their warped minds permitted. Most of them had at least learned to say 'Heil Hitler.'

Abels took me to a small detached hut, which at one time had been a toolshed or something similar. It was painted white, and was very clean. The room had a single white hospital bed, a medicine chest, some charts.

I recall vividly the conversation that followed.

'Here?' I asked. 'This is where it happens?'

'Yes, here,' Abels said. 'This is the *Hitler Kammer*.'

'How is it done?'

'That is none of our business.'

'How many?'

'That varies. Sometimes several a month.'

'What about the parents?' I asked.

'The parents are requested by a court of health to sign a paper that they give up their children to the State.'

'And if they refuse?'

'They *don't* refuse.'

Georg Abels is dead; he was killed at one of Hitler's numerous fronts, I have been informed. His only

relative, an old mother, has since died. Quoting him now can harm nobody.

Yes, Hitler's boys are ready to die for him. I realized that forcefully when our old family friend, Doktor Schroeder, asked me to go with him on a visit.

'I thought you might like to see what Hitler and his ideology have done to a young German boy,' he whispered in the privacy of his car, as we were winding our way through the traffic of Wilmersdorfer-strasse.

We found our address; a woman of forty, haggard and graying, answered the doorbell. The rooms were poorly furnished. The most prominent adornment was a picture of Hitler. The woman led the way into the bedroom.

'Here's my young patient,' Schroeder whispered. 'Age nine, pneumonia.'

On a cot lay the restless form of a boy with an emaciated face. The doctor touched the boy's wrist to take his pulse. The boy tore his hand away, shot it high and shouted in a delirious, unnatural voice, 'Heil Hitler.'

I looked at the mother. 'If only they had not made him march,' she said hoarsely. 'They knew he was not well. But they said he had to march. It took days to get down to the Leuchtenburg by Kahla, in Thuringia, where they were going to promote him to Jungvolk. His father is a storm trooper. He said the boy had to go. He did not want a weakling for a son. And now—'

From the cot came words—shrill, penetrating. 'Let me die for Hitler. I *must* die for Hitler!' Over

and over, pleading, accusing, beseeching, fighting against life, fighting the doctor, fighting to die.

'They told him at the ceremony that he had to die for Hitler,' the mother continued. 'And he's so young . . .'

She broke then, sobbing. I looked again at the boy. His pinched face wore the expression of a Christian martyr dying for the Saviour. His right hand was straight up now, stiff and unyielding. His lips kept forming the words his burning soul prompted him to utter:

'I must die for Hitler!'

Dr. Schroeder bent low and gave his patient another injection. The cries became moans, and subsided.

'His father says if he dies, then he dies for Hitler,' the mother said tonelessly.

'Now do you see what I mean?' asked Doktor Schroeder when we were again in the car. 'He wants to die. What is this strange ideology that can even pervert instincts?'

CURIOUS

(UNTIL the girls in Nazi Germany are fourteen, they are classified as *Jungmaedel*, young girls. During this time they acquire those rudiments of education that the Party considers essential. But, above all, they are made conscious of their mission in the Third Reich—to be bearers of healthy children. Hence the subject of sex is broached early and realistically.

Their uniforms, called *Kluften*, include heavy marching shoes, stockings which emphasize durability rather than beauty, full blue skirts, white blouses, cotton neckerchiefs with wooden rings bearing the group insignia. For bad weather the girls have heavy blue 'training suits,' slacks, and capes. They usually go bareheaded.

The State is interested especially in their physical health. Jungmaedel are expected to be healthy of body, stoic of mind, and unyielding in their convictions that the savior of Germany is Adolf Hitler.)

SCHULRAT Pieper had not forgotten me. He called some weeks after the letter from the Ministry reached me.

He asked if I had unearthed anything he could not have told me. I admitted I had not yet discovered much about the education of girls in the new Germany.

He could not understand my interest in girls. The Fuehrer had decreed that their education was to be held down to the minimum. The primary girls, the Jungmaedel, were given enough education so they could read and write and figure a bit. Most of their education concerned itself with domestic economy and preparation for childbirth. The old idea that girls must not know anything about their biological destiny until they were grown was typical democratic prudery, he explained. Girls must come to look upon the whole process of childbearing as their natural mission in life.

'Isn't it their mission?' he asked, according to my records. 'Is there anything more important to girls than getting married and having children? Aren't they curious about birth and sex and men long before they grow up?'

The Nazi method of treating sex was already showing results, he continued. Nazi girls had become more domestic and more family-minded. The days of the Republic with twaddle about equality for women had produced nothing but a huge crop of prostitutes in Germany. In the Third Reich women conserved their biological energies for the Party.

We were sitting in my library, Platanen Allee 18. Gertrud, our maid, served the *Schulrat* hot coffee. He sipped it luxuriously and stated that some day

every German would again have his coffee. And the schools would do much to hasten that day.

He asked me if Americans really educated boys and girls in the same schools. He considered that decidedly foolish and short-sighted.

To change the subject I asked what girls' school he advised me to visit. The schooling girls received in the *Grundschulen*, the elementary schools, was alike all over Germany, he informed me. There were many of these schools; every large city had several, and each village at least one. But if I must visit one, the school at Berlin, Schmargendorf, for example, was as good as any.

I spent several days in that low stucco building, next to the Schmargendorf City Hall. The teachers were elderly, but devout Nazis. Most of the day was devoted to domestic science, eugenics, and physical education. There were other classes, however; Deutsch, or Deutschkunde [German], where the girls learned to read and write and where they became acquainted with true Nazi literature; the three G's—*Geographie, Geschichte, Gesang* [geography, history, singing]—the first two of which taught them about the superiority of the Nordic race, while the singing class was devoted to memorizing of Nazi songs, chiefly dealing with self-sacrifice, blood, and death. But these classes were not scheduled every day. Arithmetic was a subsidiary class of domestic science, which, in turn, was an extended double period, often dovetailing with eugenics. These classes included instruction in every phase of housework and cooking, as well as care of

children and sick people. Detailed sex instruction was part of this course. *Rassenkunde*, the study of races, exposed the faults of all non-Aryan races. *Beschaefungslehre* was a sort of practical course in shopping, marketing, judging of food, keeping records in the kitchen, making use of spare time.

I have in my notes a copy of a weekly study plan. The original belonged to a girl who did not attend the Schmargendorf school, but one in Berlin Norden. But it was a typical plan, I was told. Luise, age thirteen, wanted me to realize that this was only a tentative schedule and that they did not always follow it. Party activities and parades superseded classes. The teacher had told her that a definite daily routine was unimportant, since all classes had the same purpose. They learned about Hitler, and what he said and believed, in all their classes. And every class taught them what they needed to know to be good housekeepers and good mothers.

School started at eight in the morning. Classes extended from Monday through Saturday. The school day was over at five minutes to one. Afternoons and week ends were devoted to special sport events or hikes. If she was absent from class because of illness, her father had to get a testimonial from a doctor. If Party activities kept her away, the Gruppenleiterin could sign a printed form, and that work need not be made up. She had no textbooks and no homework. The periods were forty-five minutes long, with five minutes intermission between classes. Recess, devoted to formal sports, was thirty minutes.

WEEKLY SCHEDULE

| Periods | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|----------------|--|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|
| 1. 8:00-8:45 | —Deutsch | do. | do. | do. | do. | do. |
| 2. 8:50-9:35 | — Geo. | Hist. | Singing | Geo. | Hist. | Sing. |
| 3. 9:40-10:25 | —Race study | do. | do. | Ideology | do. | do. |
| 4. 10:25-11:00 | —Recess, with sports and special announcements | | | | | |
| 5. 11:00-12:05 | —Domestic science with mathematics, every day | | | | | |
| 6. 12:10-12:55 | —Eugenics—Health Biology, alternating | | | | | |

Afternoons, usually until six o'clock, were devoted to organized sport at the sport fields, sometimes near the school, sometimes blocks away. Several evenings a week were taken up by the home evenings, with special instruction in sex, ideology, and domestic science.

The classes in that Schmargendorf girls' school were hushed and tense affairs, with remarkable discipline. Every one of them emphasized Nordic culture, and woman's place as the cradle of future soldiers, wherever the opportunity offered itself. Every subject seemed to be slanted to make the girls realize that they were the prospective mothers of Germany.

During one 'German' class I listened to a teacher read a new Nazi fairy story to her youngsters, age 8. I borrowed it from her later, and copied it. She told me she had clipped it out of a copy of *Ewiges Deutschland*, the NSV publication. She did not recall if it was the February or March 1939 number.

She told me that the Gebrueder Grimm fairy stories were taboo, old-fashioned. Little Red Riding Hood? A foolish, unreal pre-Nazi fabrication. Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs? A sickening glorification of crippled beings. It had no place in Nazi schools where the beauty and health of strong Nordic bodies were the standards.

How could little girls be made to realize they would be the future mothers of workingmen and soldiers if such sentimental dross as the story of Cinderella were taught? That deluded creature had dreamt only of riches and an easy life. How could girls keep their minds on the seriousness of life if they heard and read stories which ended, 'And they lived happily ever after'? Life wasn't that way. Life was hard, and bitter. The Fuehrer wanted girls who scorned sentimental inanities; he wanted girls who would be ready to give up their lives for him, rather than be thinking of things that would make them soft.

No, her girls would not get a wrong perspective on life from hearing wrong stories. The modern story she was reading them had a modern setting—Nazi Germany. Its problem was a Nazi problem: the Winter Help *Eintopf Sonntag*, the compulsory one-pot Sunday. Every girl in her class knew that on the second Sunday of each winter month every family, poor or rich, had a one-course dinner. The money thus saved was collected by men in uniform, and put into the Winter Help Treasury, to be used for such purposes as the Party deemed advisable.

This is the story she read:

The heroine of our *Geschichte* is a remarkable girl called Diemut, the Brave One. Every one-pot Sunday she wandered up and down Nazi Germany to investigate if everybody was a good Nazi and was observing the Fuehrer's decree.

First she perched on the window sill of a little cottage on the outskirts of a big city. She looked into the room and saw a mother at a stove, stirring the one-pot

dish. But the woman was not happy. She was not dressed in festive clothes. She had not taken time out to tell her children about the importance of this Nazi institution.

Diemut called to her. 'My dear woman, don't you realize what you are doing for the Fuehrer and for Germany today? Come, come, smile. Comb your hair. Put clean aprons on the children.'

Suddenly beautiful spring flowers blossomed in the heart of the woman. Loyal thoughts entered her soul. Quickly she did what Diemut had suggested, and soon a contented happy German family sat down to their patriotic meal.

Diemut marched on and came to the family of a German peasant. The old Bauer, his children, and his hired help were sitting around a heavy wooden table, eating together out of one common dish. Diemut asked the peasant woman if she realized what an important meal they were eating.

'Yes,' said the woman, 'this is the family meal. That is important.'

'True,' said Diemut. 'But you must think farther than that. In all Germany true Nazis are today eating out of a common pot. That means unity: one nation, one people, one Fuehrer.'

And then the woman felt proud to be a German mother; she gazed at her six children with satisfaction, hoping that some day they would all serve the Fuehrer.

Diemut marched on and came to the well-furnished dining room of a well-to-do couple. The house was filled with the odor of a luscious roast. But the couple were not good Nazis or they would not have had roast on that day. They were sullen and silent. When an S.A. man knocked at their door to collect the Winter Help money, they grumbled and complained about all the contributions

they had to make to the Party. Of course, only Diemut heard it, or it would have gone hard with the two culprits. She knew that knocking gently at the hearts of such people would not help much. So she smashed one of their window panes. The woman jumped up. When she came to the window, she had to look directly into the dining room of her poor neighbor across the way.

First she was annoyed, and said, 'Look at those fool Muellers and their seven children! Not a penny to their name, but splurging by inviting company for one-pot Sunday. The silly people have invited the old paper woman, the milk maid, and the baker's boy.' Her husband joined her, and thought as she did.

With all her might Diemut pounded at their hearts, and pounded and pounded, reminding them of all the Fuehrer had done for the world. Gradually she softened those hard hearts. And the woman said to her husband: 'Listen, my dear husband, on the next one-pot Sunday we're going to invite the whole Mueller family. And our maid, Herta, is going to eat with us.'

And her husband smiled and said: 'That is a wonderful idea. I just had another thought. The Fuehrer has said we must raise large families. Muellers have seven children. We haven't any. We should have children. It is our duty. We will have children, for the Fuehrer needs soldiers.' The wife smiled and nodded her head. And Diemut wandered on.

Suddenly she heard happy sounds—men singing as if their hearts were overflowing with joy and happiness; and there was the jolly clatter of dishes. Diemut flew up to the window and realized that she was in a military barracks filled with Hitler's soldiers. The brave boys stood in a long row, and marched past a steaming field kitchen. Each got his plate heaped full. Everything smelled so ap-

petizing that Diemut asked, 'What's cooking, soldier boys?'

'Potato soup, potato soup,' they all shouted back. They were as happy as could be. And Diemut was happy to see that fine spirit among Hitler's men. She knew that the soldiers of Adolf Hitler would soon go out and defeat all enemies. And she was proud.

And finally little Diemut came to me and told me all these things. She told me that nothing is more important than loving and honoring the Fuehrer. We must all obey him and do what he wants us to do. He has said that all girls must get ready to be housewives and mothers. He wants you girls to grow up and have children. And then you can tell them about Diemut. The Fuehrer has commanded that we must all be strong and healthy, so that Germany will be strong and healthy. The Fuehrer is the savior and what he says we must do.

And next time when you look up into the sky and see a white cloud, perhaps it is Diemut carrying messages for the Fuehrer.

'Now isn't that a wonderful story?' the teacher asked when she had finished.

The little girls sighed happily. To them it had been a beautiful story.

Not all classes were as peaceful as this one. Some had about them an aura of hatred and tense malevolence that was clearly reflected on the faces of students and teachers.

About that time German newspapers were carrying on a campaign of propaganda against the Poles. Apparently, or so it seemed to me, the Nazi teacher had orders to bring in Poland in her discussions. She did. She was middle-aged. Her straight hair,

brushed back hard, her whole apparel of blue skirt and white blouse, gave her an air of severity. Her voice was shrill. She had a chart on the wall showing Germany before and after the Treaty of Versailles. The territory around the Polish Corridor was marked in vivid red. Her words were clipped and sharp. I have them verbatim:

‘Poles,’ she shouted in utter disgust. ‘Poles! Czechs! Frenchmen! *Die Engländer!* All equally ugly. They all hate Germany because it is again strong and powerful. But let them hate us. We will show them. They should all be wiped off the face of the earth. Beasts. That’s what they are. Beasts!’

For twenty minutes she told her girls atrocity stories of pillage, rape, and murder perpetrated by Polish soldiers in the once-German Polish Corridor. The girls sat there fascinated. They were burning with hatred for the Poles when the class was dismissed.

A domestic science class into which I peeked without knocking was the scene of disciplinary action. The woman teacher opened flood gates of scorn over a little blond culprit standing shamefacedly by her desk. The teacher found the girl guilty of sinning grievously against the Fatherland and its *Volksgut* (national property). The girl had spilled a little flour, and instead of putting it back in the bin had put it into the garbage pail.

I slipped out as quietly as I had come.

German schools have no libraries, as we know them. Girls, especially, are not allowed to buy books at random. All literature that in any way mentions politics can be bought only in the *Braune Laden*, the

brown store, where girls can also buy their uniforms, their accessories, pennants, and badges.

In the Schmargendorf school one girl had a volume entitled *Ein Maedel Kampft fuers Neue Reich*, by Minni Grosch, published by the Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart, Berlin and Leipzig. The copy I bought later was in the tenth edition.

The cover sports a Jungmaedel giving the Hitler salute; beside her is a German shepherd dog. The title page explains that it is a story from the German 'Storm Period.' It is a highly dramatic yarn of the tribulations experienced by a young German girl during the Party's formative days in the Rhineland, before there were youth organizations. The heroine clashes with young Communists who are killing a puppy. She rescues the animal, which becomes very attached to her. Later she saves one of her girl friends from the clutches of the Communist youth group. The climax relates how Communists attempt to assassinate Hitler after one of his appearances in the Rhineland. But Wolf, the dog, recognizes the Communist boy who had almost stoned him to death, even though he has disguised himself as a Storm Trooper. The dog attacks the assassin, saves Hitler's life, but is killed by the Communist. The heroine buries the canine hero with military honors.

I shall let the first page speak for itself:

From the cloudless sky laughs the sun. German youth wanders through German forests—once again really German. The French army of occupation has left, and the

decent Germans can again walk without meeting a strange uniform every few steps, and without seeing the brutal black faces of colonial troops. Everything in the German forest once more breathes harmony and beauty. Everything seems good and right.

But German youth sings a song that does not speak of beauty and harmony. The words are hard as chips of granite; hard as the drone of the steps echoing from their young feet. It is a fighting song they are singing, wild, defiant like the tunes of the poets during the War of Liberation.

'Storm, storm, storm, proclaims the bell from spire to spire.'

For as yet things are not as they should be in the German nation, even though the strangers have left. It is a time of storm, of revolution. Non-German activities still shackle the German spirit and poison the German soul. The number of those who are rattling their chains in defiance is, as yet, not large, especially down here in the Rhineland, where the evil Powers-that-Were erected a barrier between the Germans of the Rhine and the Germans of the Reich. But all the more happy are the hearts of those loyal people who see a glorious beam of Justice come across from the Old Germany. All the more eager are they, for they realize that Liberty is near; and joyfully, defiantly they shout their paean, their song of exultant freedom:

*Ring, thou Bell of Revolution!
Ring and call the fighting warriors,
Call the graybeards, call the young men,
Call the sleepers from their couches,
Call the young girls from their chambers,
Call the mothers from their cradles.
Let the air be shrill with warning,*

*With a warning of dire vengeance!
Call the dead from moldering grave vaults
With a thunderous cry for vengeance.
Vengeance! Vengeance!
Germany Awake!*

Hannelore, who was ten, told me with bright eyes that it was the most wonderful story she had ever read.

‘Yes,’ said her teacher proudly, ‘young Germany is certainly awake.’

‘Do the girls ever have time to play?’ I asked.

‘Play?’ she responded. ‘You mean silly games that have no real purpose behind them? Well, no. They are not infants any more, you know. Life is too serious for play.’

‘But we do have games,’ Hannelore interrupted very politely. ‘We played spies the other day.’

The teacher suggested she tell the Amerikaner about it.

Hannelore explained that they had played the game at the Hermannplatz, in the Karstad Department Store. The whole troop of Jungmaedel had met in the afternoon about four o’clock in front of the store. They were told that the spies were already in the store—an elderly woman, a young girl, and a boy. These secret agents were dangerous. The woman and the girl were trying to slip some private documents to the boy, who would then try to get out of the store and contact his foreign government.

The girls were given a description of the spies. But to make the game more difficult, they could arrest

them only with a password, *Klara Zetkin*, whispered to the secret agents on an escalator.

The girls had to sneak past the doormen and the floorwalker, who would have thrown them out had they suspected what was going on.

Hannelore told how crowded the store had been, and how difficult to find the spies. They had spotted the woman first, although she was acting as if she were buying a petticoat on the third floor of the store. They watched her until she stepped on an escalator, and then the password put her out of the running. Finding the girl was more difficult. It took almost an hour. But they finally found her just as she was about to slip the documents to her accomplice. They broke that up and pursued the two to an escalator, and the game was over.

According to Hannelore her troop leader considered the game fine practice for the time when they might have to catch real spies. Hannelore was joyfully anticipating that day.

German girls have no leisure time. Athletic contests and Party activities take up the afternoons. The evenings are devoted to *Heimabende*, the Party home-evenings, when the girls meet at their troop headquarters to discuss ideology, defense, and sex. Week ends are devoted to semi-military hikes, which often begin Saturday noon and last till Sunday night. Their purpose is to make the girls hardy and tough. On our Sunday afternoon drives in the environs of Berlin we often met troops of girls, either on foot or on bicycles. They carried heavy packs, and looked tired and haggard, often gray with fatigue.

My Ministry letter played no part in the following incident which occurred one Saturday in May. We had left the capital to get away from Berliners for a few hours. Beyond the village of Beelitz, famous for its miles of asparagus fields, we turned off Route No. 2, and drove into the woods until we found a dry knoll. We tossed out picnic paraphernalia and anticipated an opportunity to stare into the blue for a while.

We were lying peacefully on an old Scotch blanket when we heard a chorus of screams and yells. A group of girls, twelve years old, came dashing past. They were chasing a plump little girl, whose face was pale with terror. Her braids were bouncing as she hopped along, with her pursuers gaining on her.

'Grab her, grab the *Ekel* [dirty thing],' shouted the group. One girl, larger than the others, caught one of the braids; she yanked, and the fleeing Jungmaedel, in full uniform, lay howling on the ground. Girls pounced on her, rubbed her face in the sand, kicked her exposed rear, and spat at her.

I looked around for the leader; she seemed nowhere in sight. The girl on the ground was taking a terrible drubbing. She was writhing as her face was shoved deeper into the sand. I visualized a suffocated little Berlin girl, and hurried nearer with a loud, '*Maedchen, Maedchen, was ist los*, what's the matter?'

The girls stared at the intruder. But they stopped their pommeling. The victim sat up, spitting sand.

'What's the matter?' I repeated. 'Is this a new game?'

The excited girls did not realize that I was a foreigner, I suppose. They yelled answers at me from which I gathered that their victim was: a rascal, a pig, an evil-smelling thing, a culprit, a criminal, an unpatriotic German unfit to wear the Nazi uniform.

A heavy-set buxom girl with a typical Berlin market-woman face made herself the spokesman.

'She insulted Marie,' she said.

'Who is Marie?' I asked.

'I'm Marie,' said another Berlin Jungmaedel, chubby and bold.

'What did she do to you?' I asked.

'She insulted my sister.'

When I asked where the sister was, the girls seemed disgusted. They explained that Marie's sister could not be there because she was going to have a baby very soon. And Anna, the girl they had chased, had said it was wrong for Marie's sister to have a baby.

This talk about babies, bandied back and forth by little girls, bewildered me. I had to ask, 'What's wrong with Marie's sister having a baby?'

I was informed that nothing was wrong. Nothing at all was wrong. That was just it. Marie's sister was doing what the Fuehrer wanted all German girls to do. She was having a baby. She wasn't married, but that certainly didn't matter. She did not have to be married to have a baby. They were all going to have babies when they were just a little older. Anna, who said that Marie's sister should not have a baby before she was married, was not a good Nazi Jungmaedel.

They were going to lick the stuffing out of her, and then take the Jungmaedel uniform off her.

Just then the Gruppenleiterin, a tall, rangy girl, came up. She took the situation in at a glance. She advised the girls that they had done their duty well, but that she would take care of Anna, and would punish her.

She treated me with disdain, and ordered her troop back to camp. As they disappeared over the hill, the leader had little Anna by the hair.

I never saw them again.

On another occasion we were cruising about near Groszbeeren, not far south of Berlin. Hundreds of apple trees were planted there. It was near the city's sewage disposal plant, but that afternoon the wind was in our favor and we could actually smell apple blossoms. It was as close as we could get to an American orchard.

We stopped suddenly, for by the side of the road we saw a group of young girls in uniform. Their bicycles were piled everywhere. They were bending over one of their party, who lay in the tall grass, moaning loudly.

'Something wrong?' I shouted. 'Accident?'

The leader came over to our car. She explained that one of the girls had suddenly been taken ill. Appendicitis, she feared. Could I drive her and the sick girl back to Berlin?

I loaded them into the car and made for the city. Traffic was heavy, and the curves of the suburban roads took much time. The girl in the back seat

groaned and moaned. The leader asked her if her pain had come suddenly.

The sick one, thin and scrawny, admitted that she had felt bad pains all day. When asked why she had not said something about it, the Jungmaedel, interrupted by frequent spasms of pain, explained that she did not want to seem *zimperligh*, sissified. Her father always told her she must not give in to pain. That morning he had scolded her and told her to forget her little stomach ache and be strong and hard for the Fuehrer.

I got them to a hospital in Teltow, southeast suburb of Berlin. I called the place by telephone later that evening. The girl had died an hour after we brought her in. Ruptured appendix.

I had the girl's name. I called her parents. An aunt of the dead child answered the telephone. She thanked me for what I had done, but suggested that I need not bother the parents. They would get over it. Anyway, the girl had died in uniform—like a real soldier—for the Fuehrer.

I did not call again.

Our favorite haunt along the Baltic Sea was the Island of Usedom, jutting into the Ost See with wooded beauty. For several years the American School had its summer camp in the idyllic fisher village of Koelpinsee. When the house we had always used was taken over by the Nazi Jungmaedel organization, we had to move our camp down the coast to the next village, Koserow.

One afternoon my wife and I trooped down the shore from Koserow to Koelpinsee. As we reached the

strip of beach we remembered so well, we decided to walk up the path and pay a social call on our former landlady, old Frau Zeidler, now housemother for a division of Jungmaedel.

The one spot we had loved best, the *Wiese*, a sloping meadow where we had all our songfests, was still being used for singing purposes. In the twilight we saw the girls lying in the grass singing Nazi songs about dying for the Fuehrer, dedicating their lives to him.

Old Mother Zeidler greeted us with the usual display of welcome. She was an ardent Nazi, but had always been proud of her broadmindedness when dealing with foreigners. She told us about her girls, how hardy they were, how obedient, and how devout in their faith in the Fuehrer.

'And there is law and order here now,' she said, smiling. 'You gave your children too much freedom, *mein lieber Herr Direktor Ziemer*. Freedom is not good for children. It bewilders them.'

Frau Zeidler took us inside to show us the changes they had made since we were there. As we went through the rooms, we recalled how once they had resounded with the characteristic jollity of American children. Now the place looked like a shrine. The rooms were decorated with numerous Nazi flags and pictures of the Fuehrer. Some girls had swastikas embroidered on their pillows, or on their thin blankets that covered the straw sacks on which they slept.

Frau Zeidler began to tell us about one particular girl she had in the camp, the spiritual leader. Ac-

according to her, Annelise was a sensitive child who lived and breathed Nazi ideology.

'You know what she does every night?' Frau Zeidler asked. 'She kneels down by her cot and prays. She has a beautiful voice, almost angelic.'

I didn't need to take notes of what Frau Zeidler said next. I shall never forget a word of it.

'Yes,' she continued, 'more than once I have come sneaking in at night—just to hear Annelise say those prayers. They have become a sort of tradition here. All the girls wait for them, every night. Annelise never says the same prayer twice. Beautiful prayers they are—in which she offers the bodies and souls of all the girls to Hitler.'

'To Hitler—?'

'Yes, of course. Her nightly prayers are to the man whom she considers the savior of Germany. You didn't think she was praying to the Old Testament God, did you?'

WAITING

(JUNGVOLK are the Nazi boys from ten to fourteen. This stage precedes the Hitler Youth and follows the Pimpf. The rigid system of recording physical achievements as prescribed for the Pimpf is continued, but on a more comprehensive scale.

The Jungvolk is divided into approximately six hundred smaller units, the Jungbanne. These go through a series of Spartan tests. The marches are longer, the hunger periods come more often, the privileges granted are fewer than those for the Pimpf.

The boys of ten begin their lives in the Jungvolk with an initiation ceremony at which they again swear to give up their lives for Hitler. They conclude their Jungvolk activities with a similar ceremony, more devout, more intense in nature.)

HITLER and his instructors know boy psychology; they avail themselves of every instinct, every budding emotion to pour the souls of Nazi boys into molds that soon set for life.

I realized that vividly when I carried my Ministry letter to a boys' school in the western part of Berlin. It was the usual brick structure with a bare dusty court in front of it. The interior was more unkempt than the girls' school I had previously visited. The door sills were worn more, the walls were dirtier—all normal signs of young healthy boyhood.

I was to visit a science class. After losing my way in winding corridors decorated with framed quotations from *Mein Kampf*, I found the designated door. It was intermission time, the traditional five minutes of respite from teachers.

The classroom was stuffy; the windows were tightly closed even though it was spring. The boys, aged ten and eleven, were in uniform. Since they all had extra-curricular activities after class—marching, hiking, attending political meetings, gathering the boxes of empty tin tubes and food scraps from German kitchens, and running errands for the Party—there was no time after school dismissed at one o'clock to go home and put on uniforms; hence they had a proud excuse to wear them all day. They ate their lunch at some Jungvolk headquarters where they could get a stew and a glass of milk. The Party paid for it.

The boys were hushed, expectant, as if taught not to waste words or emotions. They looked at me shyly, curiously. Had they known that I was a foreigner their attitude would, no doubt, have been suspicious. But my knowledge of German smoothed the way.

'Na, Jungens, was macht Ihr, what are you doing?'

They were very respectful, without any imper-

tinence. One blond, blue-eyed junior Siegfried supplied the answer.

'Wir warten!'

And that, it struck me, epitomized perfectly the whole hushed existence, the whole singleness of aim of these young Hitler boys.

'We are waiting!'

They were waiting for the Future to take them body and soul and put them at the disposal of the Party.

The teacher entered, a young man of thirty. He was in full S.A. uniform. His stiff collar lapels boasted insignia: the button of the RLB (*Reichslehrerbund*, the Nazi Teachers' Union to which all teachers must belong, and also contribute); the Reichsportbund insignia; and an S.A. badge. His face was much older than his body, his eyes were oldest of all. There was tightness, even grimness, about his lips.

The students leaped to their feet in true Continental fashion. Up went all hands. A raucous *Heil Hitler* shook the windows. The teacher stood at attention, clicked his heels, barked back majestically, 'Heil Hitler, Sieg Heil.'

He discovered me, stared. 'And who is that?' he demanded of the class, not of me.

The boys sat silent, ill at ease.

I marched forward with my Ministry letter. He snatched it and skimmed through it. He came to attention and pronounced his blessings on me with another 'Heil Hitler. *Nehmen Sie Platz*, Herr Direktor Ziemer. Have a seat. I am happy to realize that foreigners are at last waking up to the fact that we have

taken the lead in world education and that we have something to offer which the world had better copy if it knows what is good for it.'

Then I was forgotten as far as he was concerned. I sat down in the rear of the room and wrote down the speech of welcome he had just delivered.

I did not have too much time. The teacher gave a command.

In march-step the boys tramped out of the school into a small fenced-off garden back of the school. There they broke rank and stationed themselves beside tomato plants a few inches high.

I concluded this was a class in applied science, a project. The teacher was apparently using modern methods by taking the class to the garden, letting them see plants and experience at first hand how osmosis, photosynthesis, and geotropism worked.

I heard nothing of the kind. The Nazi teacher gave a fiery dissertation on the Holiness of German Soil, *Heiliger Grund und Boden!*

He pointed to the ground. With blazing eyes and clarion tones he explained that Germany had lost much holy soil through the diabolical Treaty of Versailles; her enemies had robbed her; Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, England—all had criminally appropriated holy German soil. So tense was he that I could write without attracting any attention.

'There is today one man who can recover this holy German soil. We mention his name with deepest reverence. His name?'

'Unser Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, Sieg Heill' echoed the chorus.

'And the Fuehrer *will* recover all this holy German soil—yes, and more, much more, tenfold more. We will revenge ourselves properly for the insults perpetrated by our second-rate enemies.

'And you—you and I—we must have only one thought. That thought is a holy thought; it is the determination, the hope, to become good soldiers for Adolf Hitler. And if we are good soldiers, if we give our all for the Fuehrer, then some day we shall reap a reward, the highest reward possible. We shall acquire a crown of glory. To us will be granted the privilege of lying in this holy German soil as Hitler's conquering soldiers.'

As dead soldiers, of course.

I scrutinized the faces of the boys. The teacher had been remarkably successful. The lads stood there with eyes bright and shining. Their faces were glowing. Their souls were hero-worshipping.

When the class was dismissed, the teacher turned to me to receive praise he knew could not be restrained.

'Never have I seen such teaching,' I said.

He clicked his heels and raised his arm in salute. 'Tell young America that young Germany is awake,' he commanded.

Often have I thought of that statement since my return to the United States. It crowds itself into my consciousness whenever I attend American school classes that belittle America and its democratic doctrines. And that is often, sad to say.

In Nazi Germany the ideal of self-sacrifice, of dying for Hitler, has taken on proportions that to an

outsider would seem sadistic perversion. And for those who oppose Hitler deep hatred is aroused in the hearts of German youth.

During the day I spent at the Westend school I talked with a tall, dark youngster, with big peasant hands and bushy eyebrows. I asked him about the reading material the Party recommended for boys of his age. He excused himself and hurried out into the cloakroom. He returned with his knapsack from which he pulled a book carefully wrapped in brown paper.

'This is a wonderful book,' he said. 'Everything I need for reading is here.'

It was my introduction to the official Hitler Youth Year Book, a ponderous volume of five hundred pages, large in format, published by the Zentralverlag der NSDAP, Munich. It was divided into sixty-one units. The contents ranged from glorious accounts of Party activities to panegyrics on the new army. It appealed to the spirit of conquest by recalling pages of German history. It stirred up the hope for adventure with stories of Germany's lost African colonies, and explained what fields would be thrown open once Germany had recaptured them. It discussed the importance of sport in the new regime. It gave intimate glimpses of what Nazis in other countries were doing and hoping to do, and what persecutions they had to endure for the sake of their holy faith in the Fuehrer.

This last phase was granted considerable prominence, illustrated most vividly, written most convincingly. The martyrdom of Nazi officials abroad (fifth columnists, the world has decided to call them) was portrayed with a wealth of detail, a manipulation of

writing craft that made this the outstanding part of the whole book.

Even a foreigner could easily comprehend the hatred and fury that was aroused in the hearts of German youth when they read how cruelly German citizens were mistreated by other nations.

The boy pointed to a number of photographs, beautifully done with attention to detail. They portrayed graves, decorated with swastikas and wreaths; prison courts marked with X's; and various assortments of hanging posts. Since I had never seen pictures of such posts, the boy took great pride in explaining how young Nazis had been hanged on them by the enemies of Hitler. I could see that the boy's hatred for those who had executed these Nazis was sincere and deep. He was eager to join the army which would go and punish those criminals, if it cost his own life in the bargain.

'Here, read this, please,' he suggested. 'This shows what the statesmen of Austria did to us. They were democrats. But they have been punished.' His eyes were full of hatred. 'And each of these saints died like a true Nazi. With their last breath they all managed to gurgle once more, "Heil Hitler." That is a wonderful way to die, isn't it?'

As I read these selections I could not blame the boy for feeling as he did. His emotions had been aroused to the boiling point with stories that would touch any boy's sense of justice. That they presented only one side of the historical events, he had not been allowed to realize.

I have the book in my possession. One short

selection will, perhaps, suffice to indicate its tone. It is compulsory reading for every boy between the ages of ten and eighteen.

The excerpt I am quoting is from pages 47 and 48. It is an eyewitness account of the visit of Heinrich Himmler, Gestapo Chief, to Vienna immediately after the occupation. With true Party spirit Himmler demanded to see the graves of those who had died for the cause in Austria. The Reverend Hans Rieger, father confessor to many of the condemned Nazis, tells the story: a minister of the Gospel is talking to the Chief of the Secret Police.

Maitzen, our martyred comrade, sat silent during those terrible last hours. All he asked for was water and cigarettes.

When once again he reached for the waterglass, I said, 'Herr Maitzen, you are drinking too much water. Wouldn't you like a glass of beer? I'd gladly drink a glass of beer with you.'

'Right now drinking is secondary,' he answered absently. Heavy footsteps approached. 'Herr Pastor, I believe the time has come,' said Maitzen bravely, and rose. The door was thrown open. Three executioners stood there in their black robes. Maitzen towered above them, calm and fearless. The room was silent as a tomb. Only the ticking wall-clock measured inexorably the last minutes of this human being who was going to his undeserved death with truly defiant Nazi spirit, a spirit that will some day dominate the world.

The final act of the vicious drama was short. At double-time we hurried through the dank corridor toward the execution. We stepped out on the court of death, un-

der the tortured sky. On three posts hung the martyred bodies of the men executed before Maitzen—Erich Wohlrab, Josef Hackl, and Franz Leeb, their distorted bodies only partly covered with dirty linen. The fourth post was free for Maitzen.

Every sense alert, Maitzen stepped toward the post. The executioner climbed the two steps of the ladder behind it. Henchmen grasped their victim on the right and left. I stood only four yards in front of Maitzen. All was as still as death. From the elevated ladder came the command, 'Up with him!'

The murderers lifted the innocent man up. From behind, the executioner threw the noose over his head. The other end was firmly attached to the ridge in the top of the post.

'Fertig,' came the command. 'Ready!'

The henchmen let the heavy body fall, jerking viciously on the man's arms and legs. At the same time the executioner held poor Maitzen's nose and mouth shut. In spite of that our brave comrade had time to gurgle one last defiant, 'Heil Hitler!'

It was all over. Unconsciousness came at once. The neck was broken. But since the healthy body jerked back and forth for a long time, apparently unable to let the brave spirit depart without one last long struggle, the doctor ordered the hangman to perform some sort of operation on the neck of the dying man. I could not ascertain what trick of his ugly craft he performed.

Over the heroic features of our hero went one final twitch of life—then the body stretched itself in death. Another martyred saint had died for our cause, killed by enemies of the New Germany.

And we the living—what will we do? We will revenge, *revenge*, REVENGE!

What a story like this—one of a whole series, all equally detailed, equally compelling in their appeal to primitive animal emotions—can do to the mind of a boy of ten I shall leave to a child psychologist to answer.

I had always been curious to know what the boys in this hero-worshipping stage were taught about Hitler himself. I knew that every instructor was expected to deify him, calling him Savior of Germany.

One of the boys brought me another book, called *Heil Unserem Fuehrer*, published by Ensztlin and Laiblin, Reutlingen, written by Friedrich Wolfgang Lindenberg, officially recommended by the Party. More than 985,000 copies had been distributed, I was told. Hitler has personally inspected and passed this book as a true and commendable biography of himself, for the German boys of ten to fourteen. It uses the device of a young Bannenfuhrer, leader of a youth detachment, telling his boys the story of Hitler's life as they sit around an open campfire after attending the funeral of a young comrade who lost his life fighting for Hitler.

Hitler the Austrian, Hitler the political opportunist, the demagogue, has in this official biography become a figure with a halo, a warrior with the soul of a saint, a leader with the kiss of God on his brow.

In the sweetly intimate little town of Braunau on the shore of the romantically rushing River Inn, our beloved Hero-Fuehrer saw the light of the world, 20 April 1889. There are enemies of the State who are bold enough to say Hitler is not a German. To those we answer that Braunau was formerly a Bavarian border-stronghold, and did not become a part of Austria until 1815. It should be

obvious, therefore, to all but the wilfully blind that Adolf Hitler was born a true child of Germany on truly German soil.

The father of Hitler, notoriously a second-class citizen, comes in for his share of adulation.

After a few years [the biography continues on page 17], little Adolf's father, who had most dutifully served his country as a customs official, had to leave the idyllic village which he loved so well and where he was so well beloved, to move to a new station, Passau.

The father was pensioned, and the famous family moved to Leonding near Linz where the father bought an attractive home. Here in the idyllically rural surroundings little Adolf Hitler, future savior of Germany, developed all his magnificent latent talents.

On pages 18 and 19 follows an enlightening bit of information, answering the oft-repeated question about the origin of Hitler's military prowess:

Often little Adolf went browsing around in his father's library. There he discovered many books of a military nature. These fascinated him beyond all measure. They became his favorite books.

Later, when Adolf was a little older he revealed his beautiful love of fatherland. He read much about the great German Reich and hoped passionately that some day he might be a German citizen. When the singing teacher gave his class the command to sing *Gott Erhalte Unsern Kaiser* [God save our gracious emperor] Hitler always sang the words of *Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles*, which has the same melody.

In spite of his father's objections, Adolf Hitler determined to become an artist. And when Adolf Hitler d

termines anything he always does it. But he had to suffer much mental torture for his father could not understand why his son wanted to be an artist. But this question solved itself, for at the age of thirteen little Adolf lost his dear father.

The mother let him continue his schooling. But his mother, too, became ill. Two years later her death put an end to our Fuehrer's dream of becoming an artist. The cruel calamity struck him hard. He had revered his father, but he had deeply adored his mother.

The few means the family had were consumed during the illness of the mother. From now on little Adolf had to earn his own bread. The money that still remained he turned over to his sister with true brotherly spirit.

With a suitcase of clothes and a portfolio of drawings and paintings, Adolf Hitler left his father's house never to return.

Then follows a portrayal of Hitler's trials and tribulations in Vienna, with this conclusion:

Thanks to those hard days in Vienna, while our Fuehrer had to battle Jews and corrupted statesmen, our Hitler himself became hard; it is thanks to those hard days that he has acquired unusual strength of character. This hardness often stands him in good stead now.

In Vienna Hitler developed a true hatred of parliamentary government. And then came the war. The text continues on page 26:

In June, 1914, when the dear Fatherland was threatened by foreign vultures, Hitler wrote a personal letter to the King of Bavaria who permitted him to join the German army. Now began for our future Commander in

Chief the most unforgettable, the most notable period of his life.

Hitler became a hard seasoned soldier, who was soon promoted to do dispatch duty. He was wounded and brought to Beelitz. He hated the talk of pacifism he heard everywhere, and eagerly returned to his regiment.

In March 1917, Adolf Hitler won the Iron Cross for an unprecedented deed of bravery such as the world has seldom seen. He was again doing dispatch duty, crawling through trenches, through mud. Overhead was the flash and roar of shells, all around him the howl of grenades, the bark of machine guns. All hell had broken loose.

But nothing could stop a man as brave as Hitler. He leaped from one shell crater to another, fleet as a deer, brave as a lion, doing his sacred duty. Suddenly he was confronted with a detachment of Frenchmen.

What to do? Capitulate? Never. Not Hitler. Not our Fuehrer. Never would he do that! He raised his gun to his shoulder. 'Surrender,' he commanded. 'Behind me is a whole company of soldiers. Anybody who makes a false move will be shot.'

The Frenchmen threw away their weapons and raised their hands in surrender. Single-handed Adolf Hitler took them prisoner.

Page 33 tells how Hitler opposed the Jews after the war. 'When the Jewish swine made life unsafe for every decent citizen, Hitler became a member of the Munich Free Corps. He still lived in the military barracks.'

On page 34 is a tidbit of biography. It should go down in history as a choice morsel when the final biography of the Great Dictator is written:

One day Hitler got an order to go out and investigate a certain political group that called itself the 'German Labor Party.' . . . Hitler went. Before he left the meeting, a nervous little man urged him to take a Party pamphlet home with him.

The next morning Hitler woke at five o'clock as usual. While he lay there thinking of the meeting of the night before, he heard a noise on the floor. He discovered three innocent little mice, apparently very hungry, go scrabbling about. Hitler who knew what it meant to be hungry, Hitler with the kind heart, tossed the mice some bread crumbs. How happy he was when he saw the clever little animals dash off with the morsels.

Our Fuehrer could not even see mice go hungry. Even dumb animals can touch his heart with pity. But with his enemies—that is a different story. With them he can be hard.

The story continues with a narration of Hitler's first meeting with officials of the German Labor Party. He felt sorry for them. He joined to show them how to manage a party. His membership card was No. 7. Immediately he became the driving force, devised new ways of propaganda, enrolled new members, held many successful speeches.

Page 41 describes the first mass meeting. Hitler was worried lest the hall in the Muenchener Hofbraeuhaus be empty.

A quarter of an hour before the scheduled time Hitler entered the banquet hall. He could not believe his eyes! Was he in the wrong place? No, it was true, gloriously true. The hall was crowded with 2,000 human beings who had come to hear what this new prophet of the people had to say.

Hitler wove such a spell over his listeners, won their deep sympathy so completely, that the audience sat entranced and breathless, as if hypnotized. And when the stirring address was finished, thunderous applause thanked Adolf Hitler. The acclaim did not stop until the lights were turned out.

And since then millions have heard and millions have listened. And some day the Whole World will listen as did those first 2,000.

The book continues in this strain for sixty-four pages more.

The mother of Dr. Schroeder's young patient who wanted to die for Hitler had mentioned that the boy contracted pneumonia during an initiation ceremony at Castle Leuchtenburg near Kahla, Thuringia.

I later visited the place, only ten miles from Jena. The Leuchtenburg is ancient, but well preserved. It has elongated courtyards, a high tower, and long narrow windows.

The day I arrived preparations were in progress for a meeting of the Jungvolk. Several thousand boys from the surrounding territory were to be fed, entertained, and inspired at a mass meeting preparatory to a week's hike in the Thuringia woods.

I had an hour's chat with an old guard, who informed me that he had been at the castle for more than twenty years. There may be oldsters in Germany who disagree, secretly, with Hitler; Old Fritz was not one. In fact he was a member of the Party, and had a very low number, indicating that he had joined early. His sons and grandsons were also ardent workers for the Party. I asked about them.

His old voice trembled with pride when he told me that he was the father of three sons. One had been killed by Communists during street brawls in Jena years ago; one had been wounded during fighting in Weimar in early Party days. The third was a high official in the S.A.

But it was his grandson Gerhard of whom he was most proud. Gerhard, age thirteen, was already a leader of a Jungbann, a division of Jungvolk. He would some day be a very high official in the Party, for he had got off to a wonderful start. When Gerhard was only six years old, during the days when the Nazis and Communists were still fighting whenever they met, Gerhard had been instrumental in killing five Communists.

With many embellishments, Grandfather Fritz told me how it all happened.

The Nazis had a Party unit in Jena. They met secretly and planned moves to elevate the Fuehrer to power. One night in 1932 they were informed by spies that the rival Communist organization was meeting in a certain beerhall in Jena. The Nazis decided to raid them. But it was not an easy task, for the Communists had become extremely wary. They locked doors and windows when they met. But the father of Gerhard, now a high S.A. official, knew that a sewer ran directly below the building where the Reds were meeting. It was too small for a mature man, so grandson Gerhard was given orders to take a timebomb, crawl through the sewer that had been opened a block away, and place the bomb under the meeting place.

Gerhard did what was expected of him. Like a

veteran he wormed his way through the slimy pipe, and placed the bomb.

The explosion was very successful, and half wrecked the building. Five Communists were eliminated. And Gerhard's *Leistungsbuch* had a complete description of the heroic deed. He would go far in the Party. He had dedicated his life to Hitler. The Party expected great things of him. He would not disappoint them. He would go far.

There were other occasions on which I experienced at first hand the power the Party exerts over young German boys. One stands out because the setting was the top of a venerable old mountain in Central Germany, the Brocken; part of Goethe's *Faust* plays there.

It was the night of 20 June, *Sonnenwende*, Festival of the sun. My Ministry letter had again proved effective; I was guest of an official who accompanied the Jungbann that was being rewarded for having done especially good work. It had the highest status in an ideology examination given all over Germany.

The reward was the permission to celebrate the Sun Festival on the hallowed mountain top.

We had driven up the Brocken by car. The boys arrived early in the evening by special army trucks. Usually they walked when they visited historic spots, walks of a hundred miles not being unusual; but time had been pressing.

The ceremonies began after the sun set, and lasted until midnight. A huge bonfire of pine logs, reminiscent of pagan celebrations, was set ablaze about ten o'clock. The boys squatted in a circle around the

fire. For more than an hour they sat there listening to Nazi Jungvolk leaders urging them to dedicate their lives to a man who was the savior of all, Adolf Hitler.

Occasionally the boys were ordered to rise. They danced about the fire as if they were preparing for a ritual. As they danced, they sang; the songs sounded like medieval battle hymns, songs the youngsters of the Children's Crusade might have shouted.

After the songs came more addresses, more glowing eulogies of Hitler, Goering, Himmler, and Goebbels.

Then came the final song. The melody sounded familiar. I realized the boys had adopted and adapted the tune of *Fridericus Rex*, the defiant old military march of Frederick the Great.

I wrote down the words:

Adolf Hitler is our savior, our hero.

He is the noblest being in the whole wide world.

For Hitler we live,

For Hitler we die.

Our Hitler is our Lord

Who rules a brave new world.

It rhymes in German. They sang it in unison, they repeated it in harmony. Its stirring tones went far out into the night; its blasphemous words were carried away by the summer breeze.

As I sat there on the blunt peak and gazed out over the quiet semi-dark German countryside, I could see other fires on other hills. I was informed that all over Germany, in old castles, in historic spots, groups

of young human beings were that night attending similar ceremonies.

It was midnight. The fire was low—glowing blood red. The breeze was cool.

The group leader, a shadowy silhouette against the distant stars, arose. His voice was high, shrill, as if he were inspired. I scribbled his words by the light of that fire.

‘Boys,’ he shouted, ‘this is the holy hour of the Sonnenwende. To the boys of Hitler this hour has only one meaning. At this hour when the earth is closest to the sun, when it is consecrating itself to the sun, we have only one thought. We must be close to our sun. Our sun is Adolf Hitler. We, too, consecrate our lives to the sun, Adolf Hitler. Boys, arise!’

They did, raised their right hands in holy fervor.

While drums rolled with deep rumbling thunder, young German boys, not yet in their teens, repeated after their leader:

‘I consecrate my life to Hitler; I am ready to sacrifice my life for Hitler; I am ready to die for Hitler, the savior, the Fuehrer.’

Silence followed the oath.

Under the summer sky the hearts of young males were bursting with hero-worship such as the world has not seen before.

Then a fanfare. The fire was dead. Silently the troop crept off to bed, leaving the mountain top to the night.

(Three letters are sacred to every German girl from fourteen to twenty-one years of age: BDM, the abbreviation for *Bund Deutscher Maedel*—League of German Girls.

The oath that the girls swear when they are initiated on the eve of Hitler's birthday includes the clause of self-sacrifice.

From the minute they don the BDM uniforms, elaborate with emblems, letters, triangles, and swastikas, one thought governs their lives; a mature thought, nourished by biological eagerness and restlessness: What can we do, what can we learn, how can we live to prepare ourselves for our great mission—to be the mothers of Hitler's future soldiers?)

WE knew something was wrong the minute we stepped into the little apartment Mr. and Mrs. B. F., British newcomers to our Anglo-American colony in Berlin, had rented near the Fehrbelliner Platz. We had been giving them a few helpful hints about life in the German capital. We had not given them enough.

We were immediately informed that Mr. B. had that morning fired Frida, the maid.

It had been difficult to find Frida. She was about twenty, and had done auxiliary work in an American household before. She had seemed very willing, although impressed with her own importance, for she was a Gruppenleiterin in the BDM, Gau Berlin.

We asked what had happened, and whether Frida's political activities had interfered with her efficiency as a maid.

'You could scarcely call Frida's latest activity political,' said B. F., a typical Britisher with a square jaw and shrewd blue eyes.

I suggested that he tell me all about it. Perhaps I could straighten Frida out.

'She's been straightened out once too often,' said B. 'Oh, all right, although I hate to talk about it. She's going to have a baby, so naturally I fired her.'

The young couple were boiling with indignation at what they considered an affront to their dignity. I asked if Frida had told them she was going to have a baby.

'Sure she told us. But it was the way she told us that made us furious,' said pretty little Mrs. F. 'She came out with it proudly, as if she were about to be crowned Queen or something.'

'The father?' I asked.

'All she told us was that he was a soldier, and that her baby would be a State baby, whatever that means. Now, I ask you, did you ever hear of anything so brazen, so utterly rotten?'

We could understand the British indignity, but

we also understood Frida. She was really proud of having a child out of wedlock. She had been taught that was her duty. In comparison, being the maid to a couple of foreigners was utter oblivion.

'I'm afraid you can't fire Frida,' I said.

F. blew up then. He had fired her. He was jolly well going to keep her that way. He wasn't going to have a young b—— around who got herself into trouble with every young soldier who took a fancy to her.

I explained that Frida had not got herself into trouble, not in the eyes of the Party. I suggested that we go at once to the office of the local *Arbeitsamt*, the labor union. No doubt, Frida had been there by now and had denounced her employers as unfriendly to the Nazi State . . .

He objected. That was below his dignity, and an insult. But he finally came with me to the Fehrbelliner Platz local. I introduced us. The official, a coarse, squat person with a bald head and beetling eyes, stiffened perceptibly.

'Ach so! You are the foreigners who discharged a German BDM Gruppenleiterin without reason?'

F. began to storm. I quieted him. I explained that my friend had not lived in Germany long. We had come to find out what steps we should take. The girl's employer had thought that since she was going to have a baby she could not continue to do her work . . .

That was wrong too. 'And what if she is going to have a child?' the official snapped. 'She's old enough to have one, isn't she? She's following Party orders, isn't she? Dismissing her without reason is a serious

offense. The girl has a right to demand reinstating at once, or she will take it up with the labor court.'

I winced. I knew what he meant, for I had gone through it when I had dismissed a maid who objected to waiting on table when we had Jewish students present. I had reinstated her, too. I knew that at the labor court the judge would be in full Party uniform, so would the lawyer for the girl, so would our lawyer, if we could find one. As a foreigner, F. would not have any chance at all. I whispered that to him, and told him of the adverse publicity he would get in every Party paper.

'But we can't have a pregnant maid in the house,' he said.

I suggested that we talk things over with Frida, perhaps we could give her a few months' salary, plus a bonus, and the equivalent of her room and board for several weeks. Perhaps she would be willing to go home and have her baby.

I could see him writhe. I could also see the Nazi official get impatient and fidget with papers.

'It was all a misunderstanding,' I said. 'We will see Frida and make a settlement.'

'*Das will ich hoffen*, I should hope so.' He would notify Frida. She would be back at her place of work the next morning. But he warned us. If she was in the least molested, or made to feel that she was not in her full rights, the Labor Front would interest itself personally in the case. The girl was doing what the Fuehrer wanted her to do.

Frida got her settlement. She left self-righteous

and smug. She was proud as a lioness of being pregnant with an illegitimate child.

Hers was not an exceptional case. Many members of the BDM thus served their Fuehrer. A German journalist friend, still living in Germany today, hence nameless, took me to a camp where a troop of girls, eighteen years of age, spent part of their compulsory Land Jahr. They lived in a low wooden building, put up by pioneers of the army. It was located north of Berlin, not far from the town of Rheinsberg.

The woman in charge, a tall, stern matron in uniform, received us stiffly. My friend showed her my Ministry letter. It did not thaw her much. She was very busy, she said, for several of the girls were leaving that afternoon, and she had to help them. But we could stay and look around.

The barracks had a parlor where I talked with several of the girls. I asked them about their routine. The girls got up at six o'clock, had outdoor calisthenics, prepared their own meals, had an hour of instruction in BDM ideology daily. They carried a heavy program of sports. Often they were sent out into the neighborhood to help the peasant women with their housework or their field work. In the evenings they sang, listened to more lectures on the duties of women in the Third Reich. They went to bed at ten. Twice a week they had a free evening, from eight until bedtime.

I asked what they did on their evenings off.

'We go walking, *wir machen einen Spaziergang*,' said a very lovely blond lass with the mature figure of a valkyr.

I knew that a mile and a half down Route 5 was a labor camp with healthy hot-blooded young males a little older than the girls. There was no objection on the part of anyone if boys and girls met.

We asked why some of the girls were leaving in the middle of a busy spring season. We were informed that they were going home to have their babies. Any girl who got pregnant during her time in the country had the right to ask for special State attention.

A whistle called the girls out for calisthenics. We went along and saw them form ranks. They were soon standing in soft deep grass—barefoot; their only apparel, very short trunks and thin white cotton shirts, let air and sunshine touch every inch of their bodies. They swayed and stretched, let their hands glide up and down their thighs and across their breasts as the athletic directress led them through a series of sensuous motions.

If those girls were not tingling in every nerve after fifteen minutes of those exercises, standing with their bare feet kissing the earth, they were not normal.

Not long after that my Ministry letter allowed me to sit in the rear of a girls' school in Frankfurt on the Main. It, too, had rough benches and closed windows. The teacher was intense and pale with earnestness. She delivered a lecture on the German meaning of 'Moral.' It was a class in eugenics, compulsory for all girls.

I had ample time to jot down notes. According to the teacher there was no such thing as a problem of morals in Hitler's Germany. The Fuehrer wanted every woman, every girl to bear children—soldiers. She her-

self was willing to have a child, even though she was not married. The State would rear and educate it.

'All of us women can now enjoy the rich emotional and spiritual experiences of having a baby by a healthy young man without the restricting ties of the old-fashioned institutions of marriage,' were her words.

Hitler and his school authorities urge BDM girls to have babies. But they do not permit the girls to be educated in the same schools with boys. Girls do not require the same sort of education that is essential for boys. The schools for boys teach military science, military geography, military ideology, Hitler worship; those for the girls prepare the proper mental set in the future mates of Hitler's soldiers.

One of Minister Rust's officials, a Herr Geheimrat Becker, discussed the problem of co-education with me. He knew something about American schools. It was his contention that the system of trying to put women on the same plane with men, even in matters of the mind, was a waste of time. He admitted there were women who could think as well as men—in their field. But the German schools had one aim: every course, every class had to contribute in some way to Hitler's ideology. He pointed out that the boys who learned about chemistry of war, who studied trajectory angles, and who became acquainted with the mechanics of flying should not be bothered with the presence of girls in their classes. Girls had a definite purpose. In moments of recreation boys needed girls. But we in America put girls in the wrong places at the wrong time.

Every girl, he said, must learn the duties of a

mother before she is sixteen, so she can have children. Why should girls bother with higher mathematics, or art, or drama, or literature? They could have babies without that sort of knowledge.

He pointed out that his Fuehrer had laid down the rules governing feminine education in Germany.

'In the education of girls in the German State the emphasis must be placed primarily on physical education; only after that should the spiritual and mental values be considered. The one goal always to be kept in mind when educating girls, is that some day they are to be mothers,' says Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, Volume II, page 459, original German edition.

Becker reminded me that Hitler devotes thirty pages of *Mein Kampf* to the education of boys. Besides, he mentions the subject frequently. Seven lines he grants to the girls. And that just about indicated the relative importance of the two, Becker said.

He pointed out that Rust also refers directly to the education of girls in the official manual, *Erziehung und Unterricht*. I found the quotation in the book I got from Rust. It is on page two: 'A co-educational system in schools is positively contrary to the educational ideals of the National Socialist State. Schools are to be rigidly divided. The new home-front domestic-economy curriculum of secondary schools and colleges for girls is intended primarily to prepare them for the kind of life that family and State have a right to demand of the German girl as the future mother and wife.'

A subsequent visit to an ivy-covered school for older girls in Berlin, Westend, about ten blocks from

the American School, gave me further information about this domestic-economy curriculum. When I arrived, the schoolyard was crowded with girls. They looked serious as old women. Most of them were 'driving sport,' as they call it—jumping, running, marching to the tunes of Nazi songs, to make their bodies strong for motherhood. Some were talking about Party duties, and the latest decrees of their Youth Leader, Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink.

A whistle shrilled and the girls gathered about an elevated platform. A Gruppenleiterin was making announcements.

Different groups were assigned duties. Some were to go on hikes over the week end, others were to attend anti-air-raid rehearsals. One of the troops, No. 10, was specially honored. It had been selected by the district to represent the school at the annual parade on Hitler's birthday. The members were to be ready by six o'clock in the morning, march down Charlottenburger Chaussee to Unter den Linden, into Wilhelmstrasse, and past the Fuehrer's chancellery. They would then hurry to the Lustgarten, near the old Imperial Palace, and attend a convocation. At noon they would tramp back to Westend and attend another ceremony at the Olympic Stadium. The whole march would cover eleven miles. The girls were urged to carry their water flasks and a sandwich each.

Group 4 was selected to attend a graduation ceremony in the Palace's courtyard. Jungmaedel from the district would be promoted to the BDM status. A stir of reverence went through the group at the mention of this sacred rite.

For fifteen minutes the girls received minute instructions until each knew exactly what to do and when to do it. There was no whining, no complaining. Everybody seemed eager and happy to follow orders.

The school bell called the girls. They did not break up their gathering very quickly. Their minds and hearts were set on ceremonies and stirring parades for the Fuehrer. School, apparently, seemed monotonous in comparison.

Before I attended classes I spent an hour with the principal, a very friendly, neat lady of fifty. She explained that every class in school was built around a course called *Frauenschaffen*, activities of women. This general subject was divided into: *Handarbeit* [handwork], *Hauswirtschaft* [domestic science, cooking, house and garden work], and most important, the *Pflege* course [eugenics, and hygiene, devoted to a study of the reproductive organs, both male and female, conception, birth, racial purity, infant care, family welfare].

She told me that the Fuehrer wanted the girls to feel that their bodies were more important for the State than their minds. He wanted girls to be proud of their bodies. He wanted them to get interested in the bodies of their sweethearts. If a girl had a healthy body, fit for childbirth, she should be proud to display it to advantage. She quoted *Mein Kampf*, page 458, Volume II (original German edition):

'It is in the interest of the nation that those who have a beautiful physique should be brought into the foreground, so they can encourage the develop-

ment of beautiful bodily form among the people in general.'

Later I visited a domestic-science class in this school. It differed from an American domestic science class in many ways; the equipment was pitifully meager and inadequate. But the teacher pointed out that the finest thing girls could learn to do was to work with their hands. Work was holy. Work was something to be proud of. Then there were no eggs, no butter, no cream, white flour, or coffee. Besides, the girls had to go out and do their own shopping at markets that offered very little. They had to prepare a whole meal with the equivalent of fifty cents. They had to save every scrap of food, every potato peel, every cabbage leaf, and put them in special containers which would be collected later by the Hitler Youth to be distributed among the many Berlin citizens who were feeding pigs in their back yards to comply with Goering's Four Years' Plan. The girls were reminded six times during that class that they were Hitler's Home Front and that they were responsible for *Volksgut*, national property.

From that class I went into a special ideology group. Girls in their sensitive teens were practically hypnotized by an elderly teacher with a fanatic lecture on the Fuehrer. According to her, the highest blessing that could come to a German girl was to touch the Fuehrer's hand. One of the girls became the heroine of the class because she had composed a poem in honor of the Fuehrer's coming birthday. She read it to the assembly.

I have the teacher's reaction:

'Ah, yes,' she said. 'The savior of Germany. Yes, yes. What a privileged group of women we are to live at the same time and in the same city with the Fuehrer. What a privilege for us to be near enough so we can look into his eyes and see there the Destiny of the Fatherland, of more than the Fatherland, of history itself.'

During a Pentecost holiday in the Bavarian Alps, I spent the morning climbing the Kranzberg, beautiful mountain near the historic violin town of Mittenwald. I was winding my way along a noisy brook, admiring the grandeur of the Karwendel Wand, a vast wall of granite towering into the blue sky, when I heard girls' voices. I saw a group of BDM girls sitting in a meadow of lush grass and mountain flowers, their blue and white uniforms forming a lovely contrast.

The Gruppenleiterin, an attractive Bavarian girl, was leading them through a defiant martial song. The words of the battle hymn seemed strangely out of place in the peaceful valley. I became acquainted, and asked about the song. They could not provide me with the music, because there was no published copy of it. A member from the Youth Office had come to one of their home evenings and taught it to them. But they gave me the words:

*On! Raise the banner on high,
Raise it though many must die.
It calls us with a call of fire,
We girls will follow, nigher, nigher.*

*Let the banner wave,
Let our nation be brave!
Vivat, we march to the battle field,
We join our brothers, we become their shield,
While the swastika waves in the breeze.
Our flag! Our banner!
We follow our savior's decrees.*

The savior is, of course, Adolf Hitler.

During further conversation the leader referred to the official BDM song book, out of which they got many of their songs. I have that book. It is called *Wir Maedel Singen* (*We Girls Sing*, released by the Nazi Youth Office, published by Georg Kallmeyer, Berlin and Wolfenbuettel).

Their favorite song was one I have heard sung all over Germany, from the cold shores of the Nord See, down to the warm weed-grown borders of the Lake of Constance. It is in a minor key, and sounds indescribably sad. The words summarize the Nazi ideology for BDM girls, I was told. It can be found on page 82 of the same song book. Its title is *Many Must Fall*.

Here is a translation, if such songs can be translated:

*Many must fall, and sink into the grave,
Before our goal is reached and our banners in victory
can wave.
You who are left behind are branded with the sign of
death,
You will have to learn that happiness and bliss*

*You only can earn,
If you bleed and die, and leave your life behind.*

Later the girls sang one of the many compositions by Baldur von Schirach, Reichsjugendleiter.

*Onward, onward, with resounding fanfares,
Onward, onward, our youth fears no dangers.
Germany will stand triumphant and resplendent,
Even though we die, we the defendants.
Be the goal ever so high,
Youth will gain it, this is our cry.
Our banners precede us, fluttering in the breeze
Onward, the future's ours, we'll force it to its
knees.
We'll march for Hitler through nights without dread
With the flag of Youth, for freedom and bread;
Into all eternity, to our last breath.
Yes, the banner of Hitler will outlast death!*

What type of book *Wir Maedel Singen* is can be deduced from a few sentences of an introduction to one of the groups of songs. This preludes the section devoted to the harvest festival—by its very nature the most harmless and peaceful part of the whole book. Songs devoted to Party holidays, to the Fuehrer's birthday, to 1 May, to the soldiers, and to the navy are decidedly more bloody and gory.

'Holy is our food, and the ground where it grows. The ground where now we stand has drunk German blood in streams. As thanks for this offering of blood, it produces our food, wholesome and good. Oh, Bloody Acre, thou that doest nourish us, Bloody

Acre dedicated to Death, make us worthy of Power through this thy gift.'

The passage is on page 102.

During a visit to the headquarters of the BDM, Engelufer 19, near Oranien Platz, Berlin, I met some of the BDM officials. The women were sporting new uniforms—greenish skirts and jackets with broad lapels, and white and red decorations. They seemed imbued with indomitable energy.

They were eager to give me a few statistics; the more palatable of them are as follows:

Almost every girl in Germany from fourteen to twenty-one was enrolled in the BDM. Those who did not join were made to feel they were enemies of the State.

The BDM developed its own leaders with great care. There were special BDM leadership schools all over Germany. According to figures, the most popular were at Potsdam, near Berlin, and at Boyden, East Prussia.

There were forty-seven BDM *Haushaltungsschulen*, home economics schools, to prepare special eugenics teachers; on the average 1,300 young women were graduated annually. These graduates were ready to give special courses at any school, or at any institution, in everything BDM girls needed to know to become the world's best mothers.

More than 60,000 girls were annually sent into rural villages to live with peasants, gain a healthy respect for a life of toil, and to discover how hard it was to wrest a living from the soil. As many more were sent to the special girls' camps. In addition to these

there were 1,060 outdoor tent camp meetings, attended annually by 950,000 BDM girls. About 550,000 Jungmaedel were initiated each year into the BDM.

Every October the leaders of the BDM troops were called to Berlin for concentrated courses in ideology and special courses in health and eugenics. Besides these, there were numerous district conventions which BDM leaders had to attend. Chosen lecturers went out to address these gatherings.

The Party offered an advanced course for leaders who wanted to take the post-graduate examinations for promotion to higher ranks. This was given at the Akademie fuer Leibesuebung in Berlin. More than 600 BDM leaders attended this difficult course yearly.

I asked if it were possible to attend any of the courses mentioned, and was informed that it would be impossible, in spite of my letter. Instruction there was for women only.

We got to talking about the part sex played in the life of the BDM girl, and I asked if this emphasis on the body and its biological functions ever produced perversion among the girls. I was informed, quite openly, that there was an occasional case, but that it was usually cured with private talks during which the girls were made to realize that the male body was the true complement to their own.

I left the formidable stone building with a collection of BDM literature and an invitation to attend a home evening of the BDM. I was told that each troop had its own headquarters in its particular district. If the girls could not find suitable quarters, the Party procured them.

There was such a Party place in Neukoelln, eastern part of Berlin. It had been a glove factory at one time, taken from a Jew for 'unpaid taxes.' Various Party organizations met there nightly.

But I was cheated out of my full quota of information the evening I attended. The leader, a squat, red-faced woman of forty, told me that when they heard I was coming, they changed their scheduled program.

I inquired what I was missing, and she pointed to a pale, smiling girl of seventeen. Grete, she explained proudly, was the guest of honor that night, for she had just given birth to a baby boy, who was now a month old. No, she was not married, but she was a heroine nevertheless. Grete had been asked to tell her BDM friends all about it. But the girls had felt the presence of a foreigner might be a disturbing element.

But Grete was the center of attraction. Girls crowded about her, whispering and giggling. Some were apparently asking detailed questions. They looked at her with admiration.

I heard some of the girls congratulate her. The young mother answered, 'Go ahead, do it yourself. The Fuehrer wants us to. I am going to do it again. I will do everything the Fuehrer demands.'

The evening was taken up with first-aid work, discussions about Nazi organizations abroad, and a talk on the necessity of writing letters to Germans in other countries in order to keep them in touch with the Fatherland. The girls could get names of future pen-pals from headquarters.

The climax of the evening was reached when a small detachment of girls gave a graphic, detailed account of their trip down to Landsberg, where Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf*. Each girl had been given a free copy of the book. They displayed them proudly.

Whenever possible I spent the October holidays of the American School in the Rhineland; during the grape festivals the picturesque river towns were centers of jolly conviviality. Even more romantic than the valley of the Rhine itself was its tributary, the crooked Moselle, with steep, castle-crowned banks, sharp curves, and miles of vineyards.

This valley seemed to appeal especially to Hitler's boys and girls. Perhaps the fact that for miles this river formed the boundary between Luxembourg and Germany had something to do with that. I could not drive five kilometers along the hard-surfaced Moselle river roads without seeing Party activities. Hitler Youth and Jungvolk were trooping up and down the valley; youth hostels were numerous. And the BDM were active as well.

One evening I stopped in Germany's oldest city, idyllic Trier, filled with historic Roman ruins. It was a moonlit night, and still remarkably warm. After visiting the Porta Nigra and the old cathedral, I decided to drive east out of the city and inspect the ruins of the Roman open-air amphitheater, built A.D. 100.

The place, which had on many occasions been filled with as many as 25,000 spectators, was not deserted that night as I had expected to find it. Down below where the stage used to be, I saw a group of about thirty BDM girls in full uniform. They were dancing

about in a circle, singing, shouting, bowing down, saluting. The spectacle looked so pagan that I decided to get more information. I clambered down the crumbling steps. The girls stopped their actions when they saw me. Some exclaimed angrily that I was trespassing.

I had visions of being forced to leave the place; but I introduced myself in English as an American tourist. That did not help the situation much. I heard some of the girls declare with indignation that no foreigner had any business at their rite.

But several of the leaders apparently had other orders. I heard them talk to the group, reminding them that the Fuehrer wanted foreigners to know how powerful his youth organizations were.

'How do we know he's not a spy?' shouted somebody. 'We're near Luxembourg.'

'Spy or not, we can handle him, can't we girls?' asked a *Leiterin*. The majority of the girls agreed to discover what I wanted. After some delay, during which they scouted for one of their number who could talk English, I was approached by a petite BDM girl who asked in fairly good English why I had come.

Still feigning unacquaintance with the German language I explained that I was just passing through, had come to see the ruins, and considered myself fortunate to find BDM girls. I had heard about Nazi girls, and wanted to know more. What were they doing?

The interpreter explained that the group was celebrating the birthday of a noble Nazi hero. He was a great national character. His name was Horst Wessel.

It took her a long time to say it; the others stood

about, trying to give help whenever the speaker groped too long for the proper word.

I acted astonished, and asked why they danced and sang and shouted. I was informed that it was a ritual. Horst Wessel was a martyr who had died for the Party. The Fuehrer had made him a saint. They were calling upon the spirit of Horst Wessel to make them good Nazis, worthy of the Fuehrer.

Somehow I felt they were holding something back; that there was more significance in the rite than this. I refused to be satisfied, and asked more childish questions. It finally transpired that the Fuehrer had asked all BDM girls to become mothers of future soldiers. But there was something every BDM girl dreaded more than death—sterility! And so, on the birthday of Horst Wessel, they were calling upon his spirit to make them good bearers of children.

They had made of the notorious pander a deity of Fecundity!

I thanked them politely and left them there in the mellow moonlight—young girls thinking of the life they wanted to give to future soldiers of Adolf Hitler, while all about them the crumbling ruins of a fallen empire smelled of death.

With what intensity BDM girls worship Hitler and the whole regime I realized vividly when I followed a troop of them through the 'Hauptstadt der Bewegung,' the mother city of the movement, Munich.

In Munich is located Hitler's original Braune Haus; there is the Hofbraeuhaus where the Fuehrer had his first political rallies. In Munich is also the Feldherrnhalle where the 1923 Putsch was stillborn.

Munich has the Koenigliche Platz. There, surrounded with imposing stone structures, Greek pillars, congress halls, art galleries, stands the Holiest of Holies, the Temple of Honor with the sixteen sarcophagi containing the bodies of the Putsch victims. Around them are torches, burning day and night. Behind them is a wall of stone pregnant with the words, 'Und Ihr Habt Doch Gesiegt' [And You Conquered Nonetheless].

It was one of the most strenuous days I have ever put in. The girls in their uniforms were indefatigable, hard as nails, and fanatic as Mohammedans. They had walked from Ulm, a distance of some 175 kilometers (about 110 miles) in eight days. They were not going to waste time now and were going to see as many of the shrines as they could in one day.

Old historic places of pre-Hitler days were slighted. Even the world-famous Deutsche Museum, with its 340 vast rooms of exhibits, and the Pinakotheken, the picture galleries, were skipped: with the exception of one, where the Nazi Party had an exhibit of so-called perverted art, consisting of all the paintings and pieces of sculpture that had been thrown out of the other museums because their creators were Jewish.

Everywhere the leader, a small fat little woman, who seemed to have the endurance of a Bavarian ox, gave clear, concise lectures on the Party history of the place. To her Munich with its Nazi landmarks was what Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth are to a Christian.

As the day wore on Hitler became more and

more the man with the halo; the savior; the glorious personification of salvation and glory.

The visit to the Temple of Honor with the sarcophagi was kept till last.

Finally we arrived. The girls stood in front of the holy place and dipped their pennant. A cool evening breeze wafted the smoke from the torches over the troop. The leader stepped closer to the stone coffins where rested the earthly remains of the sixteen men who died for Hitler on 9 November 1923, 12:30 P.M. They are the martyrs to whom Hitler dedicated *Mein Kampf*.

The troop had a special ritual. The leader shouted the names of the sixteen dead men, and the girls yelled back a loud 'Hier' after each name.

The leader knew the names by heart: Alfarth, Bauriedl, Casella, Ehrlich, Faust, Hechenberger, Koerner, Kuhn, Laforce, Neubauer, Pape, Pfordten, Rickmers, Scheubner-Richter, Stransky, Wolf.

As the ceremony progressed a circle of men, women and children gathered, and joined in the shout of *Hier*, until it went echoing all over the Koenigliche Platz.

The ritual ended. The girls were called to attention and marched to the stone coffins. They knelt down, as if they were in a cathedral, and silence settled over the square. They rose, and silently marched away; the crowd dispersed.

I did not have to ask to whom these BDM girls had been praying.

7

IMPATIENT

(GERMAN boys from fourteen to eighteen belong to the Hitler Youth. They are Hitler's secondary army—ready to die for him, but ready to fight first. And they consider themselves well equipped, mentally and physically.

On their ideological foundation, laid when they were Pimpfs and Jungvolk, the Hitler Youth erect a superstructure of knowledge useful to soldiers: *Deutschkunde*, including a study of Germanic culture, Party history, military geography; natural science, chemistry; mathematics; and a foreign language. There is, naturally, further education in Hitler doctrines.

The Hitler Jugend, H J, as it is known, has its own system of ranks and promotions. It maintains its own leadership schools and camps. The uniforms resemble those of the regular Storm Troopers.

That the Hitler Youth have gone through a formative process since 1933 becomes evident from a tabulation of their annual slogans:

1933 One Reich, One Nation, One Fuehrer

1934 Fight Waste

- 1935 Health is Power
- 1936 Beauty of Labor
- 1937 We Must Build Hostels
- 1938 Every Youth a Flyer
- 1939 Hitler Youth on the March
- 1940 '*Wir Fahren Gegen Engeland*' ('We March Against England')
- 1941 'England Began the War—Germany Will Win It'
—the slogan used by all German radio stations as
a sign-off line

The outstanding characteristic of the H J is their conviction that they are the most powerful youth organization in the world. To outsiders they seem impatient to prove it.

They realize their own importance, for has not the Fuehrer, in a speech addressed to his boys in the Lustgarten, Berlin, 1929, told them, 'Youth has its own State'?

Dr. Joseph Goebbels has given them another slogan. In *H J Marschiert* * he informs German boys: "The older generation says, "He who has the Youth, has the Future." We say, "He who has the Future, has the Youth." That is why Youth follows Hitler and his ideology which is the embodiment of the dreams and hopes of Youth. Don't let the older generation influence you. We will win. FOR YOUTH IS ALWAYS RIGHT!')

THE Hitler Youth has discarded old German traditions.

Pre-Hitler Germans revered the old Wartburg Castle, perched on an historic hill near Eisenach, in Thuringia. Thousands visited it annually; they inspected the chamber where Martin Luther translated

* Edited by W. Fanderl; Paul Franke, Berlin.

the Bible; marveled at the reconstructed splendor of festive halls where Holy Elisabeth, of Tannhäuser fame, held court; and strolled on castle meadows where Walter von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach spent sunny medieval days.

During festival seasons, at Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, or on October 30, Reformation Day, the electrically illuminated cross on the Wartburg's highest pinnacle blazed all night. Down in the valley the Eisenach village choir responded with Luther's *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*.

But when last I visited the Wartburg, my usual room at the hotel, an auxiliary of the castle, was not available, because the Hitler Youth had scheduled a jamboree. I was not astonished, for I knew that the Reichsjugend Office preferred historic spots for these affairs.

'We like to select historic places, especially those towering over the landscape,' an official of the Hitler Youth Office, Kronprinzenufer 10, told me. 'It gives our boys a feeling of superiority that is good for them.'

I stood in the bare courtyard of the old castle and saw the boys come hurrying up from the road below—hundreds and hundreds of them. I engaged a young troop leader in conversation.

I learned that the boys had marched from different parts of Germany. Nights they spent in the H J hostels. They had come to the Wartburg to meet other Hitler Youth boys, listen to inspiring talks, and gain a new feeling of unity. Every evening they were going to sing Hitler Youth songs from the pinnacle of the old

castle. No, the cross would not be used. Hitler's boys were not interested in old-fashioned rites like that.

He let me talk to some of his boys. They were all heavily but scientifically laden with full camp equipment. They looked tanned, hard, and determined.

I asked a tall, bony chap what he thought of Martin Luther, who had made the Wartburg famous. He looked at me with ill-concealed scorn and answered: 'Luther! You know what? If Martin Luther were alive today, he'd be only a minor Hitler Youth division leader!'

The place which formerly was one of the most quiet in Germany got noisier. Boys were singing Hitler songs; others practiced party slogans in chorus.

As I walked down the steep steps, hewn out of the hillside, I saw them come winding up the hill in a long line. There would be no peace on the old Wartburg hill for many days and nights.

The previous nights all those boys had slept in youth hostels, I knew. These hostels were springing up so fast that H J troops had little difficulty in arranging a marching program that would bring them to one every day.

Headquarters for Youth Hostel Construction were at Schlachtensee, a suburb of Berlin, Georgenstrasse 25. There I was told that the Party program called for 50,000 first-class Hitler Homes by 1943. These were going up fast, I was informed. In one month (May 1939, for instance), 830 cornerstones of de-luxe *Jugend Heime* were laid with proper ceremonies.

I have been in many of these youth hostels. They were solidly constructed with the best local material, and architecturally blended into the landscape. Those in the Alps, for example, resembled Alpine huts, those in the Black Forest were made of tall straight pines, while those along the North Sea and the Baltic looked like glorified fishermen shacks.

Much of the information I have about the life and spirit of the Hitler Youth I gathered in these hostels. After long marches, while relaxing before open fireplaces, the boys felt like heroes and usually became loquacious.

I recall a typical H J evening in a straw-thatched luxury hostel in northern Germany. It was at the General Ludendorf Jugend Heim in Demmin, quiet Mecklenburg, twenty-five miles from the Baltic Sea. The architect had used the paneiling and thatched roof style of the grand old Mecklenburg homes that adorn the countryside; the rooms were rustic, with square beams and heavy carved furniture. But everything was extremely comfortable and practical.

I took copious notes that cool spring evening, while the boys sat around plotting their march to Swinemuende and the Island of Usedom for the next day.

Some were oiling their sturdy boots, others were writing letters. As they worked, they sang Hitler songs. One was repeated several times that night. I had heard it on numerous other occasions. It can be found on page 27 of the official Hitler Youth Song Book: *

* *Unser Liederbuch*, Zentralverlag der NSDAP, Munich.

*The world belongs to leaders,
They alone command the world.
And we are marching, marching,
No one can stop our flag unfurled.
The Old must perish,
The Weak must decay,
We are young storm troopers, yeah.
Up, up, march, march,
Our Swastika is our torch,
For the world belongs to leaders.*

Later there was much talk about the beauty of consecrating lives to Hitler, and about the challenge of future conquests. The boys all anticipated glorious adventures before they were much older. They would see not only Germany—but France, England, Poland, Russia; even Africa, Asia, and America. They would go to these countries as Hitler's soldiers, or they would fly there.

They already knew how to glide; several had begun their instructions in flying. They knew much about parachutes, dive bombing, and squad formation of planes.

I asked the boys if they thought they could fly to America. They did not consider it impossible. Germany had the best planes in the world. They blamed America for helping to humiliate Germany in the World War.

I had to probe a little. It was as if they did not wish to hurt my feelings too much by talking about 'Amerika'; as if they felt a little sorry for me and my country.

I asked them if their teachers told them that some day Germany and the United States would be enemies. They were quick in their answer. The United States was already an enemy of Germany.

'Uns koennen Sie nichts vormachen [you can't fool us], a small wiry fellow with a crooked smile snapped at me. He explained that if America did not change its tactics soon; if she persevered in her boycott of German goods, the day would come when she would beg for Germany's friendship, and would not get it.

I responded that America was a big country, and quite able to take care of itself. They admitted that perhaps I had reasons to think that; they could see by their maps that the United States was big. But they had been taught that it was not really united; it was torn by factions and social classes; it had strikes and unemployment; it was worshipping the dollar; it was ruled by Jewish hypocrites.

The boy with the crooked smile delivered a tirade about the foolishness of America in letting so many Jews into the country. He felt we must be very naïve and politically inexperienced in our foreign policy, or we would not oppose Hitler as we did. Not that the Fuehrer cared; he could cope with America as he could cope with the rest of the world. But could we not see that Germany was the future ruler of the world? She was becoming so self-sufficient that soon America could offer her nothing; would have to take what was offered her.

Another lad asked if we had anything like the

Hitler Youth in the United States. I attempted to explain the Boy Scouts. The further I progressed, the more amused the boys became.

'*Wie niedlich* [how cute],' one mocked. 'Reminds me of the playboy soldiers of the German Republic. No guns, no real military maneuvers, no real duties for the State? *Quatsch, Kitsch* [twaddle]. A waste of time.'

I asked them what they knew of South America. They grew rather thoughtful. They knew much of South America. Next to Africa, it would be the most fertile field for German colonization. And South America was very grateful to Germany. The countries of South America did not really trust the United States, they had heard. The Nazi Party was sending many representatives to South America to prepare the way for closer collaboration and more trade. Brazil, who refused to send Germany the coffee she needed, would some day ask forgiveness on bended knee. South American statesmen would soon enough discover who was the ruler of international trade, Hitler or the Little Politician at Washington.

I turned the conversation to studies and schools. Hitler's ideology and physical education were still the most important courses in school. But the boys were also learning things useful in war, useful to build an independent, self-reliant Germany, they informed me.

Their school, the boys said, began at eight in the morning and closed at five minutes before one. That included Saturdays. Class periods were forty-five minutes in length. Sometimes military parades or Party functions interfered with classes. When they

went out on military maneuvers they could get excused for ten days.

They outlined a course of study for me. First on the program was *Leibesuebung*, physical education, which they had every day. Party history, military geography, and Nazi music alternated. *Wissenschaft* included zoology and botany, especially the study of food plants. In chemistry they learned about explosives and chemicals that were useful in anti-air raids. They also had mathematics and a foreign language. This had been changed several times. At first they had learned Italian, then English, then French, then English again. They thought they were learning English now because they might all have to go to England soon.

One of the boys was especially interested in geography. He said during the present semester they were studying about the *Grenzland*, the borders of Germany, and the countries that were potential enemies of Nazi Germany. He was getting credit for the present march because it would take him to Germany's borders. The H J Border Office, at Schlieffenufer 5, had arranged that for him before he left Berlin.

Another boy preferred mathematics, especially geometry, which gave him information about trajectory angles and angles used in bombing cities.

But school was not as important as their Hitler Youth activities—they all agreed on that.

I inquired if any of them hoped to attend the special Hitler Leadership Schools. They did, of course. Their most ardent wish was to enter the Akademie at Brunswick, which enrolled only the most promising

Youth leaders of the Reich. But the boys did not know if they could fulfill the rigid entrance requirements.

What these were I knew. Before a boy can enroll at Brunswick he must have the following record:

1. Six months abroad
2. Fourteen months of actual duty as leader of his own troop
3. One year as a student in a local leadership school (these schools were located in 150 German cities)
4. Eight weeks at the advanced leadership school at Potsdam
5. Three weeks of factory work
6. A final examination based on Party ideology, military information, and physical fitness

But the boys hoped that they could enroll in one of the Adolf Hitler Schools, which ranked next in importance to the Akademie. There were ten of these, and the young men knew where they could be found: Waldbroel, near Aachen; Heiligendamm, on the shores of the Baltic; Hesselberg, Franconia; Koblenz, on the Rhine; Landstuhl, in the Pfalz; Potsdam, near Berlin; Schneckengruen, Mecklenburg; Tilsit, in the north; Weimar, Thuringia; Mittenwald, in Bavaria.

They were fascinated when I told them that I had seen the school in Mittenwald in the process of construction. I had to tell them how it looked; about the scores of spacious rooms, dormitories, workshops, laboratories, and lecture halls.

I did not tell them about the chat I had with

the supervisor in charge, who made this comment: 'Here our boys will get ready to conquer the world.'

These boys informed me that the Hitler Youth was really composed of four branches: the H J proper; the H J marines; the H J flyers; and the H J motorized division.

I already knew that. I had obtained some facts at various Hitler Youth headquarters in Berlin. How complicated and how organized, too, the H J is I discovered when I tried to make appointments at these places. I discovered that the H J has thirty-seven different telephone numbers, with fifteen additional substations in Berlin alone. I had finally wandered all the way from the Central Office, Kronprinzenufer 10, in the heart of Old Berlin, to Ackerstrasse 67 in Reinickendorf, northern suburb; and from the H J Health Office in Wilhelmstrasse to the headquarters for social activities near Potsdam, in Wannsee, more than twenty miles away.

But I had succeeded in gathering some figures that even the boys did not have. I surprised them with the same notes I am using now:

The H J marines had an annual enrollment of 78,000.

The H J flyers had enough gliders and planes and teachers provided by the N S Flying Corps to teach 135,000 boys to fly each year.

The motorized units of the H J enrolled 295,000 boys each year. The Party provided them with 5,000 motorcycles annually, and with 1,300 repair shops.

During an average twelve months the H J conducted 3,540 official outdoor camps, attended by 565,000 boys.

In one year 6,000,000 German boys participated in sport events organized by the Hitler Youth Office.

The Party supplied the H J with 10,000 revolvers a year, and with all the rifles they needed for rifle matches in which 30,000 of the Hitler Youth's best shots participated; the H J had its own firearms school at Obermatzfeld, Thuringia, with Dr. Stellrecht as director.

The Hitler Youth Foreign Office annually sent 6,000 boys to foreign countries, and brought 250,000 foreign boys to Germany to let them realize how well organized Germany was. These boys came from Italy, Japan, Yugoslavia, France, Belgium, Hungary, Sweden, Finland, Portugal, Egypt, Holland, England, Poland, Syria.

Hitler Youth organizations existed in fifty-two foreign countries, including the United States.

The Nazi official in charge of all sport activities of the H J carried the title, *Beauftragter des Jugendfuhrers des Deutschen Reiches fuer die Leibeserziehung der Deutschen Jugend*, which means approximately, Appointed General Representative of the Youth Leader of the German Reich in Charge of the Physical Education of the German Youth.

The boys were duly impressed with my learning. The information which they gave me about classes I checked a few days later with Rust's official *Erziehung und Unterricht*.

I discovered that Rust designates a minimum of five class periods a week for the theory of physical education, with practical execution every afternoon whenever possible; four periods a week for the study of Germanic culture; three for history; two for geography; and two for Nazi music. Biology, including zoology and botany, is to be taught twice a week, chemistry twice a week, and mathematics three times a week. English is given four periods each week.

On page 52 Rust explains what a *Deutschkunde* course should emphasize:

First, the nation is a blood unit. ('The idea of race can be studied best if the teacher emphasizes the study of Germanic races. The student should be made to feel the superiority of the Nordic Germanic race.')

Secondly, the nation is a fighting unit. (Subdivisions: the fight of the German nation for living space; the life of soldiers; military heroism; the soldier at the front as the personification of power; women in the World War; National Socialistic fighting units; the principle of leadership and comradeship; Germans fighting for their ideals abroad.)

Thirdly, the nation is a working unit. ('The life of the laboring man, the peasant, the tradesman, the explorer, the artist, the German woman.')

Fourthly, the nation is an ideological unit. (Discussion of the German ideology, and the German interpretation of life, as seen by Nazis; the idea of the Nazi State and its unification; national leadership and political thinkers.)

What a history teacher is to present to a boy of fifteen, for instance, is explained specifically. This

course includes German history from 1871 to the present. Other classes discuss other periods of Germany's past. The boys of eighteen get a complete review of the entire field.

Here are some of the units Rust wishes emphasized in the class for the Hitler Youth of fifteen:

Rise of German industry through the efforts of Krupp, Borsig, Siemens, Halske; strong contrast offered by Jewish concerns working with borrowed capital; growth of the proletariat; failure of the pre-Hitler regime to cope with the problems; liberalism destroys the German laboring man; the German worker under Jewish influence; influence of Marx; class hatred; Bismarck's attempt to kill Marxism; curse of the parliamentary system; division of the world by capitalist nations; lack of living space for the Germans; formation of Jewish concerns in Germany; influence of the Jews on the press, the theater, the book business; bravery of the German soldier during the First World War; refutation of the war-guilt theory; the Treaty of Versailles and its evils; its effect on Germany; arrival of more Jews; arrival of Hitler and his program; destruction of the Treaty of Versailles; Germany's freedom; Hitler working toward world peace.

The teacher of geography is given eight pages of detailed instruction. Rust declares that the study of geography has been dissolved into too many separate studies, but that National Socialism has again made it what it should be—the study of race and space. The instructor is commanded to teach that Germany is the greatest example of racial develop-

ment in Europe. Geography students must be made to realize that it is their duty to 'obtain for Germany the status in the world which it deserves as the result of its achievements.'

On page 137 Rust explains what kind of music the Hitler Youth of fourteen is to study: Songs of medieval foot-soldiers, modern soldier songs, marching songs; songs of the National Socialist movement; an easy ballad, like *Fridericus Rex*; marches from the First World War. Boys of sixteen are to learn military folk songs and an opera by Wagner. Boys of seventeen are to hear about the evil influence the Jews have exerted in the field of music.

Rust's advice and orders to the teacher of *Biologie* are on page 141:

In nature the fight for the survival of the fittest eliminates the weak and those unfit to carry on the race. The student of botany and zoology must be taught that this is the normal process in nature; must be made to realize the folly of the theory that there is equality anywhere in nature. He must understand that the civilized man has attempted to create for himself an artificial environment, to escape the eliminating process of nature. But the National Socialistic State, through its racial laws and its decrees governing hereditary health, has again permitted the law of survival to function properly.

The chemistry instructor has his orders. It matters not how much or how little factual information the student acquires, but how well he can put his knowledge to work for the promotion of national welfare and the protection of his nation.

Further on the teacher is reminded that through the study of the English language the student will become really aware of his own worth as a member of the German nation, and will appreciate, all the more fully, his own Germanic culture.

Rust's orders to instructors of boys' schools total 216 pages; girls' schools are disposed of in 15 pages.

During a Pentecost holiday the American school had a longer spring vacation than German schools. I took advantage of the time to visit classes of H J boys in different cities.

I attended a chemistry class in a Breslau school, on the Lehmandamm, an old street terminating in the Oder River. The laboratory was up-to-date in every respect. The boys were working feverishly, solving chemical problems of a military nature. They were struggling with formulae of explosives and getting acquainted with chemicals needed during air raids. The more mature students were busy with gases and their antidotes. I was told that the boys spent one semester studying synthetic foods. They were not advanced enough to invent synthetic substances—that was done in the laboratories of factories or in special government laboratories. But they were learning the rudiments.

In a *Fachschule*, vocational school, on Stromstrasse, Duesseldorf, one block from the Rhine, I saw boys study methods to improve the fertility of the soil; others were busy testing seeds of rye, wheat, barley, and hops.

In a school near the Stadtgraben, Bremen, boys

learned about diseases and insects harmful to German forests. Near Tharandt, in the woods around Dresden, I visited a special forestry school that studied everything from the effect of frost on seedlings to the measuring of tall trees with a special complicated machine made by Zeiss.

The Party has established special Kolonial Schulen where H J boys are minutely instructed in what they must know to become successful colonizers in Africa. One school near Halle was built like a white man's hut in Africa. The boys were informed about tropic garb, tropic medicine and diseases, the African languages, topography, and climate. It was in this school that I learned that the United States was the worst colonizer in the world; it could not even govern the Philippine Islands properly.

In each of these classes the boys were in full Hitler Youth uniforms. There was no dawdling, no horseplay, and no problem of discipline. Everybody seemed tense and eager, as if working against time. The instructors reminded their classes that they were doing work for the Fuehrer and the Fatherland; their contributions were essential to make Germany the self-sufficient ruler of the world.

At Hamburg I saw an example of *Rassenkunde* (racial hygiene) teaching. It was in an old three-room brick building dating back to Bismarck days. Most teachers in Germany do not use textbooks. But this middle-aged teacher, with a big Hitler button in his lapel, used one.

In serious tones he warned his boys against sexual relations with girls who were not of pure Aryan

descent. To have intercourse with healthy Aryan girls was sanctioned by the Party. But everything else was a waste of Germanic energy.

He condemned the racial sins of various countries. France had weakened her nation by mingling with black colonial troops; Russia had been contaminated with the yellow race; Czechoslovakia had committed adultery with Zigeuner—gipsies; England with the Jews.

He held up his illustrated teaching material, and launched into a discussion of America's racial sins. His tool was a paper-covered pamphlet of 64 pages, called *The Jews in the U.S.A.** I bought it in Hamburg that same day and have it now.

The volume is a collection of 'more than 100' candid camera snapshots of prominent Americans. The cover shows Mayor LaGuardia stuffing a sausage into his mouth, apparently at some picnic. The same picture from a different angle appears on page 3. The text under it reads: "The Mayor of New York is worried about his bodily welfare. He is right. Why not eat what the unemployed of New York can't afford to buy anyway?"

Other pictures include: A photograph of La Guardia pursing his lips during a speech, and an inset of a gorilla's face, made to resemble the mayor. Caption, 'One need not be a zoologist to see the similarity.'

'A Jewish judge, Marcus Pecora. This picture,

* *Die Juden in USA*, Zentralverlag der NSDAP, Berlin.

which shows how diabolical Jews can look, proves the truth of the old adage that when artists draw pictures of the Devil, they always use a Jew for model.' *

'Bernard M. Baruch, the unofficial president of the United States.' (Under an enlarged candid camera shot clipped from an American newspaper.)

'First woman to be a member of an American cabinet a Jewess? Secretary of Labor in the U. S. is Frances Perkins. She was born in Boston, April 10, 1882. Her first husband was a Paul Wilson; according to records, this Paul Wilson was married at Newton, Mass., in 1910, to Mathilde Rebecca Mutzky, born in Russia. A study of the four profiles above makes it apparent that Frances Perkins is the Russian Jewess Mathilde Rebecca Mutzky.' † (Page 15 is devoted to these four pictures and their caption.)

'The Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. is of course, a Jew. By marriage he is related to the Jewish Herbert Lehman, the Seligmans, the Wertheims, the Lewisohns, the Warburgs, and the owners of Koehn and Loeb.' (Under a picture of Mr. Morgenthau.)

* Apparently the German author is thinking of Ferdinand Pecora, elected to the Supreme Court of the State of New York in 1935. According to *Who's Who* 1940-1941, Ferdinand Pecora was born in Italy, is Episcopalian, Mason, Elk, K.P.

† *Who's Who*: 'Frances Perkins was married to Paul Caldwell Wilson, September 26, 1913.' If Paul Caldwell Wilson married a Mathilde Rebecca Mutzky of Russia in 1910, and Frances Perkins was not married to him until 1913, the two women cannot be identical unless Paul Caldwell Wilson was married to the same woman twice.

'Jewish emigrants. The silly fools, not yet off their European boat, and already they act as if they are Americans.' (Under a picture of Jewish refugees arriving in New York harbor, waving American flags.)

There are ninety-four other pictures informing German readers that people like the 'Ghetto-Clown' Charlie Chaplin, Claudette Colbert, Carl Laemmle, Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, Charles M. Schwab, Otto Kahn, Felix Frankfurter, Adolph S. Ochs, Walter Lippmann, Felix Warburg, and Samuel Untermyer are Jews of the lowest type. There are paragraphs of explanation to indicate that American radio stations, American movies, American night clubs, boxing matches, sport events, magazines, newspapers, the press, the law are in Jewish hands.

The last page is a full photo of a ragged beggar sleeping on the street in New York City. This accompanies it: 'The USA has thirty-two million laborers; of these, thirteen million are unemployed and have nothing to eat, and no place to sleep. The more hunger there is in the USA the better chance for communists—and the Jews, who are the cause of it all!'

The boys in that class listened well. When the period was almost over, the teacher asked, 'And what do you think of a country like that?'

The class responded with the old Party battle-cry: '*Judah verrecke* [Judah, croak].' They shuffled their feet, the academic equivalent of hisses and hoots in German schools.

But that class work does not claim all the attention of the H J I realized especially when I watched

some of their *Gelaendesport* [military maneuvers] on the level plains around Magdeburg. They were on a larger scale than the games of the Jungvolk, usually lasting about ten days, during which the boys were excused from all school work. The leaders were older Storm Troopers who knew all the tricks of military games. The boys carried rifles and a special type of hand grenade that made a martial noise without actually spreading death.

The last group I accompanied separated soon after they reached Magdeburg. The two opposing forces did not meet again for almost a week.

During the days that followed, the boys became so tense that they resembled soldiers in front-line trenches. Often they went prowling around the countryside all night in an effort to discover the location of the opposing force and to take prisoners.

I remember in particular one of the prisoners who was brought into headquarters, temporarily set up in a small village. His hands were tied behind him so firmly that the wrists were swollen. He was gagged with strips of adhesive tape. His eyes were pasted shut. He was kicked along and called foul names.

I ventured to suggest that perhaps the boy was suffering. The leader, who considered me an intruder anyway, asked with an oath if I thought this was an old ladies' 'Kaffee Klatsch.' This was a war game. His boys might as well get accustomed to seeing other human beings suffer. They would see plenty of that in the coming struggles which Germany would soon wage. Some day, he hoped, he could get his hands on

a real prisoner, a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a Russian.

'I don't expect the other side to grant my boys mercy when they get captured,' he said. 'The idea is not to get caught.'

Both sides carried the official H J maps, printed by the H J map office, the Reichskartenwerk. They were in four colors, giving a plastic impression, and revealed every elevation, creek, and clump of trees. I was told by the leaders that they could get special marching maps of almost every country in the world.

The game in this particular instance lasted six days. By that time one side was completely captured.

One of the last H J ceremonies I attended in Germany was the initiation rite at the Heidelberg Castle, on the day when I had seen the event on the Marksburg. I motored to Darmstadt, and then via Autobahn to Heidelberg. Around the corner from the Heidelberg University hall, built with money collected by the late Ambassador Schurmann in America, I passed two burnt-out synagogues. After a short drive along the Neckar River, I wound my way up a steep hillside, and stopped at the Schloss Hotel. From my room I could see the towers and ruins of Heidelberg Castle lying gaunt and ghostly in the spring twilight.

I called the local H J office, and was told to be at the castle grounds by 11:30 that night. Near midnight I walked a short distance under the budding trees and entered the Schlossgarten, after proper identification. The garden was filled with boys, aged fourteen. I crossed a moat and passed through a massive

medieval gate into the interior court. High walls, decorated with the remains of Renaissance carvings, were thrown into relief by hundreds of torches in the hands of the boys ready for the initiation ceremony.

I pressed into a recessed doorway and waited. Soon I heard a trumpet from one of the towers. Quickly the three hundred candidates, chosen leaders from the ranks of Jungvolk, formed squads. A trumpet played the first notes of the *Deutschland Lied*. The boys sang it with precision, and followed with the *Horst Wessel* song. The torches in their left hands dripped hot embers on bare flesh, but, as far as I could see, nobody flinched.

Another fanfare burst into the night. Four men in uniform ascended a platform over to the left. The first gave a short speech of welcome, reminding the boys of the sacredness of the occasion. His successor informed the boys that the horizon was dark; there were clouds of danger over Germany. But the Fuehrer and his boys were ready for action.

The main speaker was very emphatic and loud. He told his listeners that they might soon be called upon to defend the Fatherland.

'You may all have to die for Hitler before you are twenty,' he shouted. 'But is that not a wonderful privilege? What greater and more glorious mission can a German boy have than to die for the savior of Germany? And now raise your right hands and repeat after me the oath that will indeed make you Hitler's soldiers, ready to lay down your lives for him.'

FINISHED

(THE Nazi mother dedicates her son to Hitler before he is born. When the child is six years old, he takes the first oath to give up his life for the Fuehrer; he repeats it when he is ten, and again when he is fourteen.

A similar oath is expected of him when he begins his compulsory labor year. His education for death is nearly completed as he finally enters the army, the profession that not only prepares him to die, but to kill, with the following words:

'I swear by God this holy oath, that I will unconditionally obey the Fuehrer of the German Reich and the German people, Adolf Hitler, Commander in Chief of the Army; as a brave soldier I will forever defend this oath at the cost of my own life.' *

During his labor year, and after he has joined the army, the young Nazi may get temporary permission to attend a university, a *Technische Hochschule* [engineering college], or a Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Science. The

* Quoted from *The Soldier in the New Reich*, published by Otto Elsner, Berlin S.42, p. 26.

policies, methods, and administration of these institutions are controlled by the Party through its Minister of Education. The activities of the students are supervised and guided by the NSDStB, the National Socialistic German Student Bund.

This league is perfectly organized. Its general headquarters are in Berlin, Friedrich-Wilhelmstrasse 22. There are branch offices at every college and university in the Reich. The Bund has a vast corps of officers; its spies gather information about instructors and students in every class.

As a result of this spy system the spirit in German universities is tense and suspicious. There is no campus life. Only few women enroll, the ratio being 1 to 10. Fraternities and sororities, except for the political organizations, are unknown.

The duties of the institutions are outlined by Minister Rust in his *Erziehung und Unterricht*:

The institutions of higher learning have a definite task. They must educate that strata of our younger generation whom the nation can use to solve its problems. This group is, however, not to consider itself superior to the rank and file of the people. College students do not differ from the rest of the nation in intellect, but only in capacity for responsibility, determination, and ability to act for the State. It is, therefore, the duty of higher schools to select those individuals who are best able to carry on the tasks of the National Socialist doctor, judge, military officer, teacher, etc.; and to strengthen in them the qualities needed for their future state positions.

Rust warns the students against intellectual snobbishness: 'Men and women,' he states, 'who are

responsible for the health and welfare, the political ideology, and the culture of a nation must feel themselves part of the people, must live with the people, and think as they do.'

NAZI universities are completely under the dominance of the Party. To give students and faculty more time for Party activities, the NSDStB has decidedly shortened the length of the semesters.

Students attending the winter semester need not complete their registration until 15 November and may leave school 15 February. Summer semester students must enroll by 15 April and may leave by 15 June. There are thus less than twenty weeks of actual class instruction in the school year. If any member of the faculty has special Party duties, he may still further curtail this period by suspending his classes for a whole week at a time.

Before the Party dominated the institutions of higher learning, there were more than thirty weeks of school in the average German university.

Soon after 1933 the Politische Hochschule, with headquarters in the Schinkel Haus, south of Unter den Linden, became the most important college at the University of Berlin. Second in importance is the College of Physical Education, main office at Luisenstrasse 56. Most university students enroll for at least one course in each of these. Professors can be called upon at any time to devote time to courses at the College of Political Science. The School for Physical Education has its own special staff.

A glance at a recent University of Berlin cata-

logue reveals where the emphasis in learning has been placed by the Nazi regime. The Physical Education department, of course, devotes all its 150 courses to physical culture.

Courses 1-76 at the University are called Science of Religion. According to Dr. Leonhard Rost, of the theological staff, whom I met frequently during my four years as post-graduate student at the University of Berlin, twenty-three of these courses prove the evil influence of the Hebrews on religion; eight are devoted to church architecture and have nothing to do with religion as such; nine, labelled 'Philosophy of Religion,' prove that the faith of a nation in its leader is the best possible religion; eleven discuss the history of religion, a 'lamentable history indeed.' Rost did not know what was going on in the others, but assured me that no old-fangled theology was being taught anywhere in Nazi Germany.

Classes 77-175 are part of the political science curriculum devoted to law. Fifty of these explain the new laws of Nazi Germany. Twelve courses discuss laws of foreign countries, one of them the law of New York City.

Courses 176-273 are economic, more than half of them being devoted to Nazi Germany's new economic system.

How earnestly the Nazi regime builds toward a super-race becomes evident from the fact that courses 274-658 are devoted to every possible phase of medicine, hygiene, eugenics, laws of heredity, and racial culture.

Dr. Schroeder, who took me to see the lad who

wanted to die for Hitler, was in constant touch with the university medical faculty. He told me that every one of the 384 medical courses is supposed to stress the superiority of the Nordic man.

He also revealed that the older professors of medicine, who had been doing important research work in the field of cancer, bone and brain diseases, and especially in the field of industrial diseases, were in despair. Their classes were irregularly attended, the students were not eager to begin experiments which they might never have time to finish, and were interested only in war surgery and medicine.

The *Philosophische Fakultät* (College of Philosophy, a German version of Liberal Arts and Science), formerly the most important at the University of Berlin, had been reduced to 453 classes, including courses in languages, literature, culture, and journalism. Many of these were classified as political subjects and were scheduled at the College of Political Science.

Twenty-nine of these courses were devoted to the Germanic tribes; twenty-two to Prussia; twelve to Africa. Language courses included English, French, Spanish, Russian, Japanese, Assyrian, Persian, etc. America was honored with two courses, devoted to American literature. In one of these I heard a graduate student prove with a lengthy thesis that Thomas Paine was anti-Semitic. In another I learned that Mark Twain was the innocent victim of the capitalistic system.

Mathematics, physics, botany, zoology, meteorology, geophysics, chemistry, paleontology, anthropol-

ogy together claimed 259 of the total 1,659 courses offered in one semester.

Agriculture and horticulture were taught in 168 courses.

Since Dr. Wilhelm Krueger, young Nazi president of the University of Berlin, is by profession a veterinarian, eighty-six courses of interest to veterinarians were offered at his university—almost a fifth as many as in the combined philosophy, art, culture, and language departments.

Heads of departments were asked by personal letters, some of which I have seen, that all courses were to be *zugespitzt*, pointed toward a definite objective—to create good Nazi leaders.

I have visited the Universities of Berlin, Goettingen, Heidelberg, Tuebingen, and Halle. All had about them the atmosphere of military camps. Most of the students were in uniforms, as were many of the instructors.

With one exception all university professors I knew gave the Hitler salute when they entered their classes. The exception was an old pedagogue, a great authority on Beowulf, formerly a member of the faculty at the University of Minnesota. The young Nazi teacher who later replaced him told me in private that the Party did not wish to waste energy on an old foggy like Dr. K by sending him to a concentration camp; but neither did it wish him to keep his classes so he was 'retired.'

The traditional student organizations, the *Burschenschaften*, famous especially in old Heidelberg and Goettingen, have been replaced by Nazi

Party units; the ribbons and buttons and college emblems have been replaced by the swastika.

On the right shore of the Neckar River, across from Heidelberg University, is the Heiligenberg, the Holy Hill. Its summit is crowned with the ruins of ancient St. Stephen's monastery, and the basilica of St. Michael. During pre-Hitler centuries, pondering students reached the top by the *Philosophen Weg* (Philosophers' Path). This is now used by Nazis to reach a Nazi shrine. The Party has revealed its penchant for appropriating the tops of historic hills by building near the ruins the *National Feierstaette* (Festive Place) for Nazi outdoor dramatic productions and national plays. Heidelberg students, no longer interested in arguing quietly about the eternal verities, are permitted to use this magnificent theater for their Party activities.

One spring evening I sat among a thousand students and Party members, who only partly filled the gigantic bowl. Across the river I saw the lights of Heidelberg twinkle in the dark. Powerful spotlights made the huge stage stand out against the backdrop of beech and oak trees.

The Party was sponsoring a ceremony to honor Heidelberg students who had been especially active in the Nazi Student Bund. Several hundred of them were sitting on the stage in full uniform.

The chief speaker for the evening was the Reichsjugendfuehrer Baldur von Schirach. In a rather high voice, the pudgy youth leader praised the students for devoting so much of their time to the affairs of the Party.

He declared that the most important phase of German university life in the Third Reich was the program of the NSDStB. He extolled various activities of the Bund. He reminded the boys of the service they had rendered during the Jewish purge. Dramatically he pointed across the river to the old university town of Heidelberg where several burnt-out synagogues were mute witnesses of the efficiency of Heidelberg students. These skeleton buildings would remain there for centuries, as inspiration for future students; as warning to enemies of the State.

Even as old Heidelberg castle was evidence that old Germany had been too weak to resist the invading Frenchmen who destroyed it, so the black remains of the synagogues would be a perpetual monument reminding coming generations of the strength of New Germany.

He reminded the students that there were still countries who squandered their time and energy with books, and wasteful discussions about abstract topics of philosophy and metaphysics. Those days were over. New Germany was a land of action. The other countries were sound asleep.

But he was in favor of letting them sleep. The more soundly they slumbered, the better opportunity for the men of the Third Reich to prepare for more action. The day would come when students of Heidelberg would take their places side by side with legions of other students to conquer the world for the ideology of Nazism.

The honor students marched past him and re-

ceived a medal or a certificate of promotion. Everybody roared the *Horst Wessel Lied*.

In pre-Hitler days the busiest places at the universities were the classic libraries. During the last few years these have been practically deserted. Students who want to get ahead have to make favorable impressions on the Nazi instructors with reports and theses expounding Nazi doctrines. Material for these cannot be found in the old masters.

Even the literature and poetry of democratic countries were often used to illustrate the superiority of Nazi ideology. Thus, for instance, a course on the histories of Shakespeare was employed to demonstrate the decadence of England. The Henries, the Richards, the Edwards all had weaknesses which the Nazi students analyzed with much gusto. And Professor Schirmer knew how to lead the discussions into proper channels.

In a Tennyson course a student in full S.A. uniform proved that the English poet believed in the principle of leadership and admired racial purity. If Browning were alive now, he would be a good Nazi, another thesis proved.

How thoroughly students are regimented throughout their university years becomes evident from a glimpse at their registration blanks, which they have to fill out every semester.

When they complete this questionnaire for the first time at their matriculation, students receive a number, which they keep all through their student days. Mine was Number A 517 RN A 2574. The A's

indicated that I was a foreigner, the RN stood for Reichs Number. If students transfer from one university to another, their numbers are transferred with them.

Soldiers and members of the labor squads who already have numbers to prove that they attended higher schools at some previous date can get temporary permission to continue their schooling a few months a year. Soldiers are allowed to go if their commanding officers feel that they would be more useful to the State as a result of further education. If labor squad leaders are in need of technical experts in the fields of drainage, road building, forestry, or soil conservation, they send some of the labor-year boys to a *Technische Hochschule* for a few weeks.

The semester registration blanks, copies of which I brought with me, asked 106 questions, arranged in twenty-three groups. I was asked to leave them all blank, with the exception of the first seven, which even a foreigner could answer.

Some of the questions were:

What is your name, number, confession, purpose in studying, chosen profession? Have you an Ahnenschein [To prove Aryan descent]? Have you studied at Danzig, Prague, Brno, Vienna, Innsbruck, Graz, or Riga? [Regular exchanges were maintained between Berlin and these universities.] What are your Party activities and Party honors? What practice maneuvers have you attended, and where? Have you joined a political organization since the closing of the last semester? Are you an S.A., S.S., H J, BDM? What work have you done for the Student Bund? Have you

recently received money from the Party? Have you been assigned to do traveling along German borders? Have you taken any Party examinations? Are you a member of the army? What is your rank? Are you a reservist? What company did you belong to? Have you ever been disciplined by any party organization? To what section of the Student Bund do you belong? Have you been assigned special duties by the Bund? Do you belong to the Arbeitsfront? Have you done air-raid work? Do you belong to a church or a private club? Have you been sent abroad recently by the Reichsstudentenfuehrung? Have you earned medals for special services?

In the upper right-hand corner of the questionnaire was a special box with six divisions. This space was reserved for personal information required by the NSDStB: rank, number, date of enrollment with the Bund. Several blanks were filled in by the NSDStB officials with secret information about the registrant. Before a student can be promoted to the rank of group leader, comradeship leader, labor division leader, sport division leader, associate Bund leader, or district leader this record is examined. (German designations for the above titles: Gruppenfuehrer, Kameradschaftsfuehrer, Arbeitsgemeinschaftsleiter, Leiter des Reichsberufswettkampfes, Mitarbeiter in der Studentenfuehrung, Gaustudentenfuehrung.)

Each student was requested never to be without his *Ausweiskarte*, a small blue folder with photograph, address, birthplace, and university number. If he was found within university premises without it,

he was subject to arrest. These identification cards had squares for rubber stamps, affixed after the university dues were paid. These averaged about \$50 a semester. Members of the NSDStB paid dues to the Bund, aggregating as much as a dollar per month.

Students were also asked to carry with them their *Studienbuch*, a thin, paper-covered booklet with a record of all classes attended, past and present. The first page was for identification. Class schedules for the semester were copied on four separate sheets. Three were torn out by the registrar, the fourth served as a record for the student. At the beginning of the semester each instructor initialed his respective course; and again at the end of the semester. No other records were kept. Students could skip all classes except the first and the last, when they collected the signatures. When students considered themselves properly prepared after years of study, they could ask for oral and written examinations in their major and minor subjects.

I was informed by various professors, especially by Dr. Martin Lehnert, of the English department, that students who missed most of their classes because of Party or military duties were given special consideration in these final examinations.

Students of all ages attend the universities, although the average seems to be lower since 1933 than before Hitler's ascent to power. Most of the men were below thirty. Since only very few of them could afford to get married, they had mistresses—women students, or other young *Freundinnen*. In fact, students who lived singly were looked upon with suspicion. Homo-

sexuality was severely punished by the Nazi Party, which prides itself on its virility. Birth control is forbidden, but was practiced by the students. If there were children, the State took charge of them.

Before 1933 certain entertainment establishments catered to the students. These included the Eldorado, on Motzstrasse, one block from the American Church; another night club for hermaphrodites, opposite the Scala Theater; and *Die Weisse Maus*, a few blocks from the University. But these and all similar show places were closed the day after Hitler became chancellor.

Lecture courses were scheduled for the forenoons, with most seminars and class discussions after three o'clock. Since most of the Party activities, marches, parades, hikes, special sport events, and military drills are held in the afternoons, the lectures were attended better than the seminars.

These lectures were given in big *aulas*, or lecture halls. Since students were desirous to make progress in the Student Bund and the Party, they attended the lectures of those professors who had the highest ranks in the organizations. Lectures on cultural subjects, history, philosophy, religion, and music were poorly attended; sometimes classes had to be cancelled entirely.

On the other hand, lectures on political science, Party ideology, and racial hygiene had audiences of several hundred.

One of the most popular lecturers in the entire Politische Hochschule was Dr. Karl Boemer (Dr. rer. pol. et Dr. phil., Dozent at the College of Political

Science, Head of the Press Office of the Department of Foreign Politics of the NSDAP, office hours at Party headquarters, Lennestrasse 8).

Boemer had three courses. One was entitled, 'Foreign Newspaper Activities,' No. 797.

Week after week he analyzed the weaknesses and malignant intentions of the press in various countries. I recall a typical lecture, directed against the American press.

According to Boemer, the American press is the most foul, the most crooked, the most Jew-drenched press in the whole world. It is published by criminals, written by liars, and read by morons. Its methods are cheaply sensational, and its policies are dictated by crooked advertisers; its make-up is puerile.

In purple language Boemer ridiculed the system of headlines as used by the American press, belittled the format of newspapers, and scorned the wealth of advertising material. He prophesied that sooner or later the American press would precipitate America into another war with Germany—a war which Germany would win.

As a contrast he designated the Nazi press and propaganda machine as the best-managed and the most centralized in the world. He informed his students that the American press is the clearest evidence that a democracy with its alleged freedom is not fit to exist on the same globe with an ideology like that of Hitler.

The students stamped their feet in acclaim.

The famous student beer evenings have not disappeared entirely, but have taken on political tints.

Whereas formerly students gathered at homes of professors or at the better restaurants to discuss philosophy, dream dreams, and relax, they now prefer the beer halls (*Bierstuben*), where they discuss politics, wars, and conquests.

One group which I knew met every other Wednesday at a tavern called *Zum Schwarzen Ferkel*—at the Sign of the Little Black Pig, Dorotheenstrasse 31. They seemed to have more information about army activities, Party intrigue, new decrees against the Jews, sterilizations, and euthanasia laws than any other group of Germans I ever met.

After military games the talk was always extremely martial. One evening the group celebrated a reunion after maneuvers that had taken most of them to various parts of Germany. It soon transpired that Hitler and his soldiers could successfully conquer every country in the world, including the United States.

The spokesman of the group, Otto Kramm, a tall S.A. Gruppenleiter, with a fog-horn voice and a face raw and red from exposure, was convinced that a country that still believed in an invasion of men from Mars could be successfully attacked by Nazi flyers.

Soon the group was drinking a toast: '*Bomben ueber New York* [Bombs over New York]!'

Talk was not always as serious, however. Occasionally some good-natured bantering relieved the atmosphere, and a certain amount of Nazi drollery.

There was, for example, the famous *Du Judenland, Amerika*, a song that grew longer with the weeks.

It had originally been sung in derision of Russia. But to make the Amerikaner feel on the defensive, the boys transferred it to his homeland. They used the tune of *O Tannenbaum*, known to us as *Maryland, My Maryland*.

The group launched into an impromptu composition spree. Whoever could think of a new stanza asked for the floor, and sang the first four lines, while the others joined in the two final lines.

The words after the sixth stanza cannot be quoted in print. But here are the first six, in German, and their translation. I give both because some of the zest is lost in English:

*Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.
Du bildst dir viele Sachen ein,
Und bist doch nur ein dickes Schwein.
Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.*

*Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.
Du bist verpestet bis aufs Blut,
Hast keine Ahnung was sich tut.
Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.*

*Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.
Das neue Deutschland unverzagt,
Warnt dich, hab Acht, es kommt Der Tag.
Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.*

*Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.
Neu Deutschland ruft, du dummer Hund,
Demokratie, du gehst zu Grund.
Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.*

*Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.
Und mit dir faellt, ich weiss genau,
Der Rosenfeldt, die Jiddsche Sau.
Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.*

*Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.
Dann hat der Rosenfeldt den Hintern,
Den blanken, voll mit groszen Splittern.
Amerika, Amerika,
Du Judenland, Amerika.*

Translated:

*America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.
You certainly conceited are;
A big fat pig, that's what you are.
America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.*

*America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.
You are diseased, you are a dupe,
You are naive, a nincompoop.
America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.*

*America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.
New Germany sends warnings clear,
The day of vengeance is quite near.
America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.*

*America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.
New Germany is calling, Fie!
Democracy, you cur, you'll die!
America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.*

*America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.
And with you falls, remember now,
Your Rosenfeldt, the Yiddish sow.
America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.*

*America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.
Then Rosenfeldt will have his ——
Filled with big splinters in a mass.
America, America,
Oh, Jewish land, America.*

Rosenfeldt, of course, is President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Often the boys would just sit around and talk. Some would tell of the days when they killed Communists on the streets of Berlin; others related stories about their experiences during the Jewish purges; some had helped to burn synagogues; still others had

been abroad and had performed jobs for the Party.

One evening Old Hans entertained the group. He had attended the university for years, but Party duties had kept him busy, so that he had not yet bothered about his Staats Examen.

He told us of an adventure in the Spreewald, a dense tract of beechwood south of Berlin, with many canals. Centuries ago a Slavic tribe, the Wenden, had settled there, and had preserved their customs and costumes. The Spreewald was a favorite place for tourists in summer. In winter it was desolate, damp, and dark.

Hans let his story trickle out. There was a Jewish lawyer in Berlin who had at one time been instrumental in putting Hans's brother behind bars for perjury. But Hitler had granted the convicted man amnesty. The Jewish lawyer had been warned to leave Germany. He had not left. He had devoted his services to the Jewish community and helped many Jews out of the country. During the last purge he had been in Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp, but since he had no property and no money he could sign over, he had been released.

But now the lawyer had left. He, Hans, was personally responsible for that. The Jew had spent a wintry night in the Spreewald with him and two other storm troopers. Hans assured us that the Jew would never again be normally interested in sex.

Energetic young Nazis were always looking for diversions. For the boys in the labor camps there were the girls, either the country girls who were not unwilling to have 'State babies,' or the girls from near-by

labor camps, who were even more willing to have them.

For the soldiers there were free theaters, movies, vaudeville shows, band concerts, illustrated lectures, fairs, trips.

Practice maneuvers, Jewish purges, military parades took up some of the time of boys not yet in their labor camp. But these were not enough. And so the NSDStB sanctioned the revival of dueling, which gave students an opportunity to test their personal bravery and stamina in a realistic manner.

Dueling was never quite extinct in the days of the German Republic. But students who settled quarrels with swords had to do so in the privacy of their rooms with windows and doors locked.

After 1933 we saw more and more faces of German University students streaked with the scars of the *Mensuren*.

I only attended one duel during my university life in Germany. I saw it not because I was a member of the university, nor because I had a letter from the Ministry, but because I was a student of Erich Rahn, jiu-jitsu champion of Germany, who conducts a jiu-jitsu school in Berlin, Charlottenburg, Hauptstrasse 5. Rahn was tall, brawny, and bald, and had a body of iron. The Party appointed him jiu-jitsu trainer for the Hitler Youth and the army. He was often asked to permit duels to take place in his clean, L-shaped gymnasium. They were held after eleven at night, when the evening classes had been dismissed.

The routine of the combat I saw was orthodox, with seconds, a doctor, and Rahn as referee. Since it

was a quarrel between an S.A. and an S.S. over a question of prestige, sharp swords were used. There were to be no intermissions.

The weapons flew in an intricate pattern too fast for me to follow. The opponents drew blood almost immediately, but neither stopped until the S.A. was bleeding profusely from half a dozen wounds on neck and face, making a sorry sight of Rahn's polished gymnasium floor. The Storm Trooper was getting very weak when Rahn stopped the fight. Both men seemed satisfied. They shook hands, and saluted with a '*Heil Hitler.*' The S.S. left with his second. The other remained behind, too weak to walk. The doctor took him to a hospital.

I knew Rahn well enough to ask him about the prevalence of dueling in Nazi Germany. He admitted that thousands of duels were held annually. He pronounced it a salutary sport. It not only tested the bravery of the students, but accustomed them to the sight of human blood.

The world was getting too soft, he said. A sport like jiu-jitsu, infinitely more useful than tennis, golf, football, and baseball (of which he had heard), was doing its share to harden the race. But, of course, jiu-jitsu could not give Hitler's boys the ultimate satisfaction they needed, because it was not a Germanic sport. Dueling was.

He himself had refereed hundreds of conflicts. All students should participate in one or two of them, he felt. Duels need not always be the results of quarrels, but should find their place in the routine of education as a regular sport.

Yes, some of the combats he had supervised had ended with death. They were usually political conflicts between Party officials who did not ask or give quarters. But he refused to mention names.

On the whole, student life in Nazi Germany is more military than academic. This is true even in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institutes, once-famous centers of scientific research. Since the beginning of the war, most of these have been closed, with the exception of a few that carry on the study of war surgery, or produce *Ersatz* materials.

Students at the university liked to close the semester with an excursion. Class No. 736 was no exception. Curiosity had prompted me to register for this class, History of the Jewish Menace, meeting for lectures Tuesdays, from five to six in the afternoon. The instructor was Dr. Wilhelm Ziegler, Oberregierungsrat, with an office in the Ministry of Propaganda, and a magnificent home at Humboldtstrasse 45, Berlin, Grunewald.

Party duties prevented him from appearing in class very often, but he sent substitutes who were outspoken in their opposition to everything that was not true-Nazi. I recall one lecture in particular. With evidence gathered throughout the ages, especially the Middle Ages, it proved that ritual murders were still practiced by the Jews. The lecturer documented his talk with material gathered by the *Stuermer*, Nazi anti-Semitic newspaper, published in the May 1939 edition.

Some thirty members of the class participated in the *Ausflug*. They chartered a small canal steamer

for the day, and headed into the country north of the city, following the numerous rivers. Most of the men were *ausgelassen*, relaxed to the highest degree. The few women of the class, prospective BDM teachers, were very popular.

After five hours of slow cruising, the boat docked at the landing bridge of the restaurant *Zur Alten Muehle* (at the Sign of the Old Mill). There the group disembarked, unwrapped their sandwiches, and drank beer.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when the whole class started on foot—to supplement the boat ride with a *Spaziergang* before going back to Berlin.

I noticed that Herr Franzen carried a rucksack. This Storm Trooper was about twenty-five, had fanatical black eyes and a vibrant voice. He had been a sort of leader all semester.

Slowly we hiked through the pine woods until we came to a very lonely spot. There we settled down to rest. Near sunset Franzen suddenly called, '*Achtung, Achtung!*' Everybody sat up. Franzen launched into a lecture on the purity of the German race, the new order in the Third Reich, and extolled the sacredness of Hitler's ideology, which had replaced every religion and every form of thought in the world.

His voice rose as he said:

'To prove how we despise [*verachten*] all the cults of the world except the ideology of Hitler, we will close the semester with a rite. It will impress on us all that fire and destruction will be the end of those who do not think as we do.'

Dramatically he lifted a series of books from his knapsack. He announced their names. The first was a Talmud—'despicable book of a despicable race.' He spat on it, and passed it around the circle of students. They spat on it. When the book came back to Franzen, he placed it on a small pile of pine branches, and poured gasoline over it out of a bottle.

Next came a Koran. It received similar treatment. Then followed a copy of the works of Shakespeare; a copy of the Treaty of Versailles; a life of Stalin. The last book was a Bible.

It grew very still there in the forest. Franzen lifted his voice in the Hitler salute, and shouted, 'Thus we treat everything that defies us!'

He snapped a cigarette lighter and applied its flame to the heap. Thick black smoke curled into the darkening sky. The group rose and burst into the *Deutschland Lied*, and the *Horst Wessel* song.

The semester was ended. So was my desire to see further evidence of the education for death in the Nazi State.

9

EDUCATION FOR LIFE

'TELL America that young Germany is in deadly earnest.'

Those words, shouted at me by the Nazi Minister of Education, take on more significance every day the Nazi educational system continues to impress itself upon a nation of eighty million dynamic people.

Hitler is making Nazis who are eager for action, eager for conquest, ready to die for him and his ideals. They respect authority and are not afraid to work. They would dig their own graves if he asked them to.

The singleness of purpose in Hitler's schools; the devoted enthusiasm of students and teachers; the flexible programs that employ every phase of Party activity for educational purposes; the training for leadership; the system of selective tests; the device of sending students into every corner of Europe to develop in them a thirst for adventure; the stress on the purely physical and elemental—all these forces have produced a generation of human beings in Nazi Germany so

different from normal American youth that mere academic comparison seems inane and any sort of evaluation of the Nazi educational system is extremely difficult.

But difficult or not, we must attempt to look squarely at this system and see what threat it holds for America and for the democratically minded culture of which our country is, unwillingly perhaps, the leader.

There are various attitudes we can adopt toward the Nazi school. We can doubt its existence. We can doubt its efficacy. We can wishfully hope that if it does exist, and if it really is efficient, then somehow, somewhere, something will stop it. We can thank God that we are not like other men. Or we can be realistic, take another critical look at Hitler's schools, and admit frankly that Hitler's educational system, which has set itself the task of sweeping Democracy from the face of the earth, is an even greater menace than his army or his Luftwaffe. If and when his present fighting force is beaten, then behind the military array we will perceive a younger army, even more fanatic than the soldiery of now; and this army too must be vanquished before Hitlerism will be destroyed. To permit it to exist, to ignore it, or adopt halfway measures toward it would be a blunder inviting a third calamity like those of 1914 and 1939.

But merely admitting this fact will avail little unless we are spurred on to find the weaknesses in our own educational system; unless the challenge prompts us to search for the antidote to the poison that Hitler's schools and their graduates are pumping into the veins

of a world almost weary enough to admire anything that is successful.

American schools are the best-equipped, the best-housed, the best-managed educational institutions in the world today. American education has always been an education for life. We have always stressed breadth if not depth, feeling that knowledge of many things will make for more joy in living. We have adopted the theory that those who know something of everything, 'from the pebbles to the stars,' will get just that much more personal enjoyment out of their environment and their spiritual and emotional life.

We have emphasized and encouraged a broad cultural basis in education, even for those who are to specialize in the trades and professions. By so doing we have succeeded in making education an enjoyable process for the individual, a social gain in his progress and adjustment, and a gain also in equipping him to perform a useful and self-supporting role in society.

We never looked upon our education as flawless; but we have been confident that a gradual evolution would finally produce that type of education best suited for us. Perhaps too confident. Our methods have never really been challenged. We have lived along with them, changing a little here, a little there, but without deeply realizing either the fine qualities or the possible weaknesses.

But our methods are being challenged now. Hitler's youth shout from the school tops that our system is decadent and selfishly abused by individuals at the expense of the group. They point fingers of scorn at our lack of enthusiasm, lack of discipline, and seri-

ousness. We do not teach devotion to a cause, do not emphasize love for work, they say.

German youth of today is totalitarian not only in its action, but in its thinking. It is arrogant, fanatic, and brooks no opposition. And it challenges everything that is weak; not only weak in body, but weak in intensity and loyalty.

If we are to combat the spirit of German youth with our own spirit of Democracy, it will have to be a rejuvenated, revived spirit. It will have to be a spirit as fiery in its concentration as Nazism is in German schools.

But surely Democracy is capable of as much enthusiasm as Nazism. Surely our teachers are, in the main, loyal and thoughtful Americans. Surely our youth will not willingly betray the United States by lack of devotion to its ideals.

The statesmen of democratic nations, on their part, have vowed to wipe Nazism from the face of the earth. This, presumably, means that Nazi leaders and the Nazi army must be annihilated. The plan, no doubt, also provides for the destruction of the cradle of Nazism, the schools. But what of the doctrines that have been so deeply rooted in the hearts and souls of millions of eager, receptive German boys and girls? Boys and girls who entered school the year Hitler came to power are now mature Hitler Youth and BDM members. Destroying schoolhouses will not eradicate from their consciousness the ideas that have been nurtured in their minds without opposition for nearly a decade.

This spirit and these doctrines can be effectively destroyed only if they are replaced by something better,

something more fundamentally human. Mere repression, mere negation will not smother out these active, dynamic, flourishing doctrines. A new and even more flourishing crop must be sowed and grown there if we are to eradicate those tares.

Our statesmen have announced their points for peace; but in deep truth our youth, our future generation is not ready to give the world something better after Nazism is no more. They are neither fully willing nor able to provide humanity with something more breath-taking, more soul-satisfying, than the doctrines of death now taught in German schools. Our politicians should not be allowed to fulfill their tasks without once being made aware that the world of the future must be molded also by the citizens of the future. Our students of today and tomorrow must be prepared to give our statesmen idealistic support in their realistic program.

There are five questions which, after my observation of Nazi Germany's schools, I feel we should ask ourselves sternly and answer with our utmost honesty:

Are our boys and girls devoutly convinced that America is the one country which has something to offer to the world after it is freed from Nazism, Communism, and Fascism?

Have we in our schools the deep-rooted enthusiasm for Democracy that German schools have for Hitler's ideology?

Are our teachers as eager to make students appreciate the beauty and splendor of America as Nazi teachers are eager to make their students appreciate the might and invincibility of the Third Reich?

Do we find in our schools the same willingness to acknowledge authority, without rancor and rebellion, that we find in Hitler's schools?

Do our students look upon work, mental and physical, with the same respect as Hitler's students? Are they as willing to make sacrifices? Have they the same admiration for healthy bodies?

We hear it said that Hitler's methods and Hitler's technique have no place in American schools. Of course not! His education for death is as different from our education for life, as life is from death. But surely one cannot be accused of extolling Nazi methods if one points out that Hitler's system has worked with remarkable efficiency for Nazism.

We hear it said that respect for the flag and for the country must come without external stimulation; that patriotism cannot be taught. Hitler is teaching it.

We hear it said that American schools must be free from discipline, that boys and girls must have liberties, that education must be made as easy and palatable as textbooks and teachers can make it. Hitler has discarded those theories.

We hear it said that schools will stimulate a false emotional life if we display too much enthusiasm for anything in our classrooms. Hitler does not think so.

Hitler is making Nazis with every means at his disposal. We are not consciously working to make democratic Americans. He is preparing boys to die as soldiers, girls to bear more soldiers. We give boys and girls freedom and Democracy and Life, but we do not, as we should, train them to realize the benefits of

these gifts—realize them so vividly that they can recommend Freedom to a suffering world. Hitler is making fanatics. We should, at least, make believers.

Hitler's education for death has thrown out its tentacles of hatred to include us Americans and our schools. Every day in thousands of German schools our American principles, our ideals, are analyzed, criticized, and condemned.

On our part, we should arouse in our students the depth of spirit essential to combat this flood of thought that is streaming out of every classroom in Nazi Germany and its conquered territories.

It is not a spirit of hatred that we are advocating, or a spirit of conquest or world dominion, or a spirit of arrogance and blind obedience. But when I hear a group of American students mumble the oath of allegiance to the American flag as if it were a distasteful and tiresome nursery rhyme, I ask myself: Have we any spirit at all?

Our Democracy, our heritage of freedom is worth getting a little excited about. We need not be ashamed to ask our youngsters to display the ultimate reverence for American ideals and American freedom.

Sometimes I fear that American youth will never really thrill to the sight of the American flag until they have lived under a dictator. As France is living now, and a dozen other peoples, and as even a considerable element of older Germans are conscious of living.

If our students and our teachers, our parents and our administrators firmly resolve that education for life is more worthy of survival than Hitler's edu-

cation for death, then American ingenuity will devise ways and means to make it survive. One thing seems fairly obvious—they cannot both survive in this shrinking world of ours.

The German youngster on Wilmersdorferstrasse in Berlin wanted to die for Hitler. Only through a clever technique of suggestion did Dr. Schroeder succeed in snatching his little pneumonia patient from death.

That boy's cry was, 'Let me die for Hitler.'

Our slogan must be, 'Let me live for America.'

Young Germany is awake and ready to die. Let young America and its parents, its instructors, and advisers be awake and ready to live.

For the day will come soon when we will have to prove to a waiting world that our education cannot only prepare for life, but can combat death.

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ABBREVIATIONS

BDM—*Bund Deutscher Maedchen*, League of German Girls (girls above fourteen)

HJ—*Hitler Jugend*, Hitler Youth (boys from fourteen up)

NSDStB—*National Sozialistischer Deutscher Studenten Bund*, National Socialist German Student League

NSV—*National Sozialistische Volkswohlfahrt*, National Socialist Welfare Organization

RLB—*Reichs Lehrer Bund*, Nazi Teachers League

SA—*Sturmabteilung*, Storm Troopers (Brown Shirts)

SS—*Schutz Staffel*, Elite Guard (Black and White uniforms)

OTHER NAMES OF ORGANIZATIONS USED

Jungbann—smaller unit of the Jungvolk

Jungmaedel—Nazi girls below fourteen

Jungvolk—Nazi boys from ten to fourteen

Pimpf—Nazi boys from six to ten

Reichssportbund—Nazi Sport League

GERMAN WORDS

Ahnenschein—Genealogical chart to prove Aryan descent

Auslaender—Foreigner

Auslands Kenntnis—Knowledge about foreign countries

Arbeitsamt—Local Nazi Labor Office

Arbeitsgemeinschaft—Army-community group in Nazi schools.

Arbeitsgemeinschaftsleiter—Division leader in the University Student Bund

Aula—Lecture hall at universities or schools

Ausflug—Excursion

Ausweiskarte—Identification card

Bedingung—Prerequisite

Beschaeftigungslehre—course of instruction in practical subjects

Bierstube—Beer hall

Biologie—Course in Nazi schools including biology, botany, and zoology

Blutsfahne—Bloodflag used at rituals. Derives its name from the fact that it was dipped in the blood of a Nazi killed during early Party days

Braune Laden—Brown store, selling Party paraphernalia

Burschenschaft—Male student organizations of pre-Hitler German universities

Darlehen—Money loaned by the Nazi Party to young healthy Aryans upon marriage; if the couple have four children within a specified time, the money need not be repaid

Deutschkunde—Study of German culture; part of a 'German' course in Nazi schools

Dozent—Lecturer at a German institution of learning

Eintopf Sonntag—Sundays during the winter season on which German families and German hotels serve a one-course meal to save for the needy

Ekel—Dirty thing

Erbgesundheitsgesetz—Law of Hereditary Good Health, decreed July 14, 1933

Erbhof—Hereditary estate

Ersatz—substitute, synthetic

Erzieher—Disciplinarian

Fachschule—Vocational school

Frauen Klinik—Clinical hospital for women

Frauenschaffen—Activities of women

Freundin—Girl friend

Fuehrer Prinzip—Totalitarian principle of absolute leadership by one

Gaustudentenfuehrung—Division leader in Student Bund

Gelaendesport—Military maneuvers

Geographie (Erdkunde)—Geography

Gesang—Singing

Geschichte—History

Gesundheitsamt—Nazi Health Office, with branches in all German cities

Grenze, Grenzland—Border countries

Grundschule—Elementary school

Gruppenleiter—Group leader

Gruppenleiterin—Leader of a girls' group

Handarbeit—Handwork

Haushaltungsschule—Home economics school

Hauswirtschaft—Domestic science

Heiliger Grund und Boden—Holy German soil

Heimabend—Special home evenings for Nazi boys and girls, under supervision of the Party

Hilfswerk Mutter und Kind—Mother and Child movement of the NSV

Hitler Kammer—Hitler Chamber for euthanasia

Jugend Heim—Youth hostel

Kaiser Wilhelm Institut—Kaiser William Institute for scientific research

Kameradschaftsfuehrer—Comradeship leader, official in the NSDStB

Kindertagesstaedte—Nazi nursery school

Kluft—Name given to uniform worn by Jungmaedel, girls below fourteen

Leibesuebung—Physical education

Leistungsbuch—Efficiency record for Nazi boys

Leiter des Reichsberufswettkampfes—Sport division leader, an official of the NSDStB

Mitarbeiter in der Studentenfuehrung—Associate leader in the NSDStB

Oberregierungsrat—Chief privy councillor

Pflege—Eugenics and hygiene course in Nazi girls' schools

Philosophische Fakultaet—College of Philosophy, Nazi version of Liberal Arts and Science college at a German university

Pimpfenprobe—Promotion examination of the ten-year-old Nazi boy

Rassenkunde—Study of race

Reichsjugendamt—Nazi Youth Office

Reichsjugendleiter—Nazi Chief of Youth

Reichskartenwerk—Nazi Map Office

Schulrat—Nazi school inspector

Soldat—Soldier

Sonnenwende—Festival of the Sun, on longest day of the year

Spaziergang—A walk

Studienbuch—Official academic record book of courses taken at an institution of learning

Stuetzpunkt—Strategic position

Sturmtruppen Leiter—Leader of a Storm Troop

Technische Hochschule—Engineering college

Volgsgut—National property

Volksschule—Public school, including all students up to the age of ten

Weltanschauliche Schulung—Ideological schooling

Wissenschaft—Science

Zeughaus—Armory

